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CHILD LIFE

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MADE IN U. S. A.

We Send Mothers

A 3-Day Supply of This Utterly New-Type
Food-Drink From Switzerland to Try



Engelberg—One of the famous health resorts in Switzerland, source of important discoveries in child welfare

MOTHERS, USE COUPON BELOW

for 3-Day Supply of Delicious Food-Concentrate That
Adds 8 Ounces to 1½ Pounds Weekly to Children's
Weight—and Combats Nervousness Remarkably



"Watch child's weight weekly," say child scientists—increasing weight sure sign of bodily health.



Dear Mother:

An important new discovery for your child has been made in Switzerland. The nation universally credited, as you know, with the world's most important discoveries in child development.

Weight increases of 8 ounces to 1½ pounds weekly are not uncommon.

Nervousness, lassitude, irritability, lack of energy and appetite are often noticeably lessened in a few days.

The 3-day test offered here is made by a laboratory of outstanding importance in the scientific world. The endorsement of over 20,000 doctors and scores of the most important hospitals, throughout Europe and America, is back of it.

Please accept this test, today. It may make your child over this winter. Or it may not. But it is obviously well worth trying. Just use the coupon.

What It Is

It is a food-drink—not a medicine. A food-drink so utterly different from any other food-drink American children know—that they revel in its newness. You give it warm at meals or between meals. Marvelous, too, as a cold shake-up drink.

It's called Ovaltine. A scientific food-concentrate; discovered by a Swiss scientist of world note. And not to be confused with "malt" or "chocolate" preparations in this country that may look or taste like it.

Acts 2 Important Ways

It supplies, in highly concentrated form, practically all the food elements and vitamins that comprise a complete food; MINUS the "bulk" of most well-known nourishing foods. One cup has the energy and building power of 12 cups of beef extract or 3 eggs. It digests when practically no

other food will. Digests even when digestion is impaired.

Converts Starches

Second, and above all things, it acts to convert the starches from other foods eaten into weight and energy. The starches from the oatmeal, cereals, bread, potatoes, etc., that comprise over half your child's normal diet.

These starches, when undigested fail in providing food-energy. They invite acidity and digestive disturbances leading to toxic conditions. Now, with Ovaltine, science meets this situation by digesting these starches.

Accept Test

Over 20,000 doctors are urging this discovery. Results have been proved over 30 years in the leading hospitals in Europe. Its use—chiefly on doctors' endorsement—has spread over 50 nations.

Send coupon. Note results yourself.

Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 3 sizes for home use. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

"My Little Girl Gained
4 Pounds in 4 Weeks"



"I was advised to try Ovaltine for my little girl. The change was almost magical. She gained 4 pounds in 4 weeks and looks and acts like a different child."
—Mrs. R. E. F.

Mail for 3-Day Test Supply



THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. B-7
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....State.....
(One package to a person)

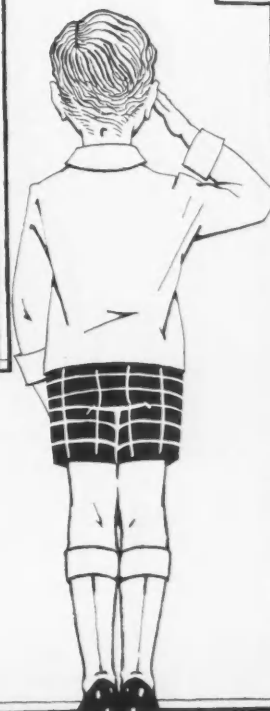
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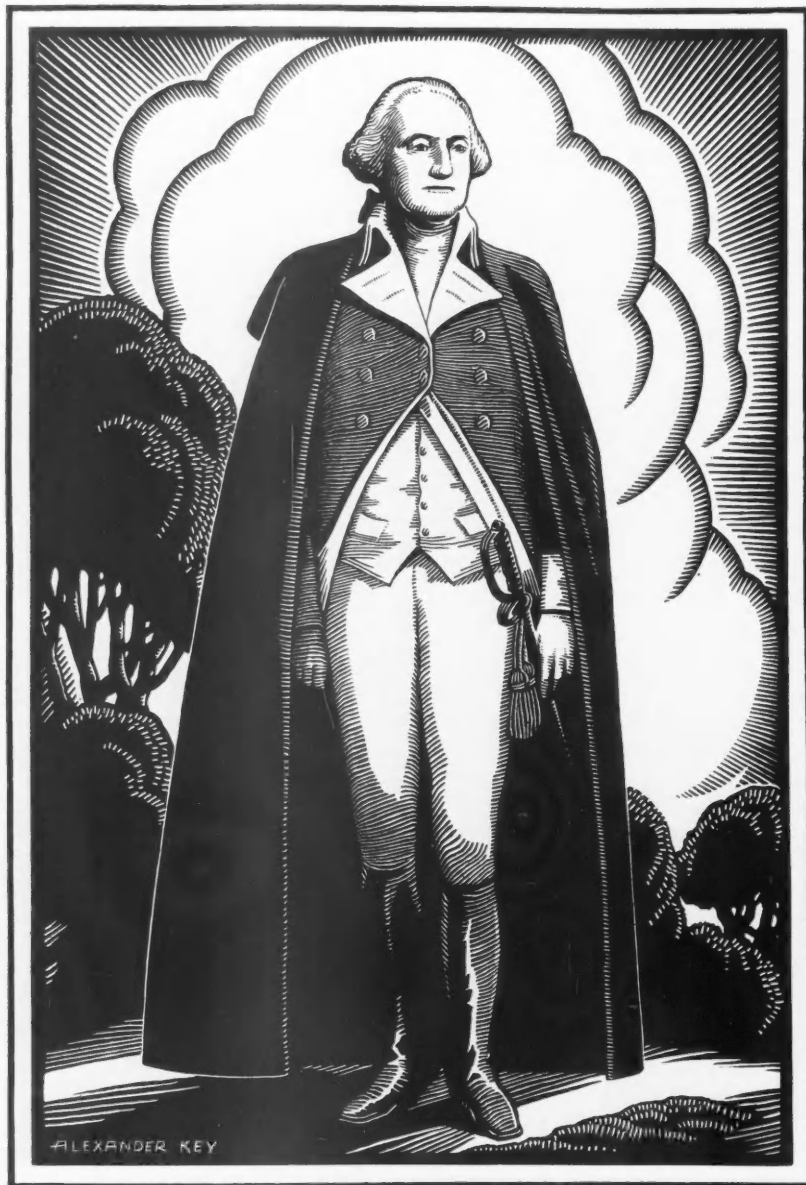


OUR HEROES

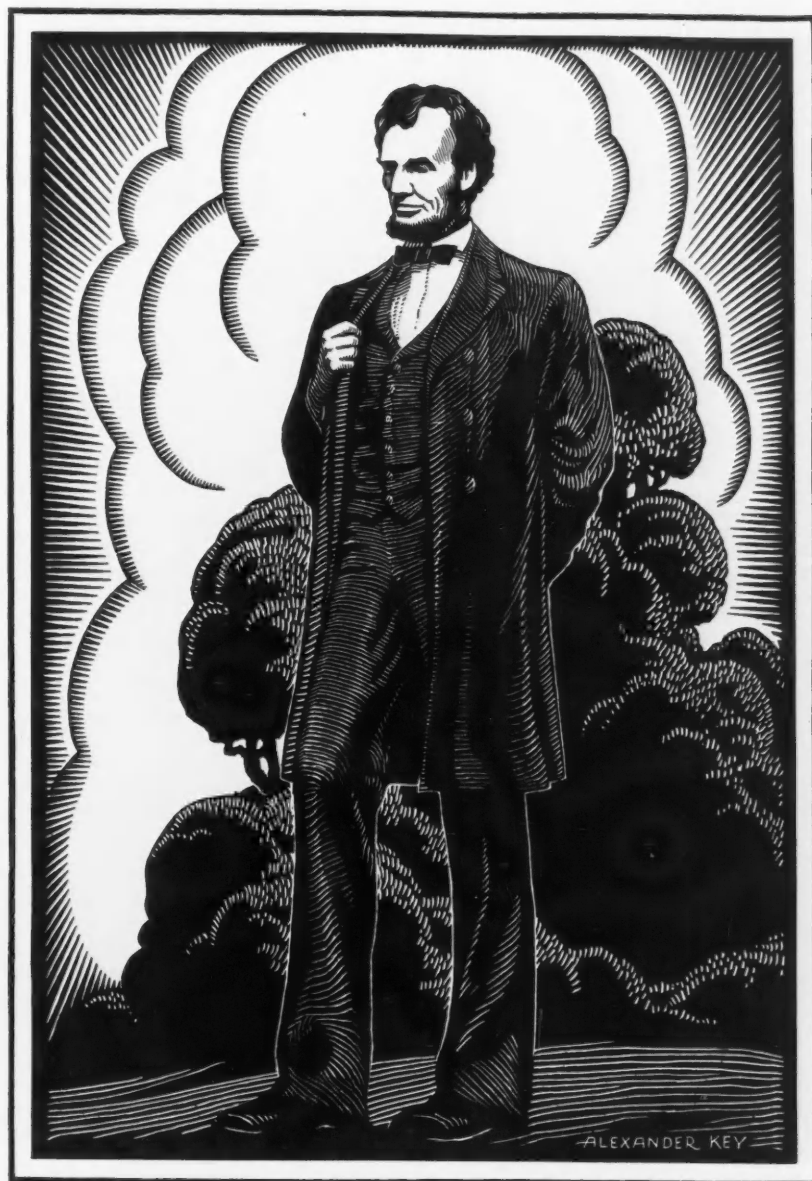
THIS month we honor birthdays of
Two countrymen whom we all love.
Our nation's father, Washington,
Through bitter hardships served and won
Great victories to free our land
From grim oppression's heavy hand.
And so we give the honor due
His noble deeds and service true.
Then, when the time came to be free
From civil strife and slavery
With greater freedom to be won,
Our country called its noblest son,
Great patient Lincoln, who should be
The savior of our liberty.
Their birthdays now we celebrate
And learn what made our heroes great.

Rose Maldo
Editor





WASHINGTON



L I N C O L N



WASHINGTON THE BOY AND MAN

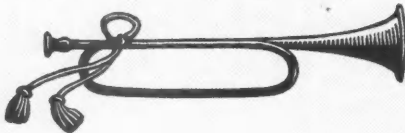
NANCY BYRD TURNER

WASHINGTON, the little lad,
Romped beside the silvery river
Flowing past his father's farm
On forever and forever;
Fished for minnows in the brook,
Raced with rabbits in a lane,
Watched the April apple blooms
Drifting with the April rain;
Laughed to hear the whippoorwills
Crying in the twilight hills,
Climbed a leafy garden tree
And hooted back again.

On and on the river ran,
Petals fluttered year by year.
Washington, the tall young man,
Heard a bugle high and clear—
Clearer than the whippoorwills
In the green Virginia hills;
Heard when apple blooms were falling,
Something calling, calling, calling,
Saying he must onward move,
Saying he must faithful prove,
Ready, quick in word and deed,
For his country's need.

So he answered, firm of heart,
Mounted, turned, and rode away,
Ready for the noble part
He must take for many a day,
Marching under summer sun,
Camping under winter snow,
Strong and faithful, brave and true,
All the way that he must go,
Still remembering, hearing still
Birds upon a far-off hill,
Music of a silver river
Flowing on and on forever.

So he strove and struggled on,
Giving strength and heart and hand,
Till at last for us he won
Our Native Land!





LINCOLN

NANCY BYRD TURNER

THERE was a boy of other days,
A quiet, awkward, earnest lad,
Who trudged long weary miles to get
A book on which his heart was set—
And then no candle had!

He was too poor to buy a lamp
But very wise in woodsmen's ways.
He gathered seasoned bough and stem,
And crisping leaf, and kindled them
Into a ruddy blaze.

Then as he lay full length and read,
The firelight flickered on his face,
And etched his shadow on the gloom.
And made a picture in the room,
In that most humble place.

The hard years came, the hard years went,
But, gentle, brave, and strong of will,
He met them all. And 'when to-day
We see his pictured face, we say,
"There's light upon it still."



WASHINGTON AND THE WAFFLE IRON

By AGNES SALATHIEL HALL

“UMM, UMM!” exclaimed Teddy Miller, pouring maple syrup from a silver pitcher into the little squares of a golden waffle. “I’m sorry for olden-time children, who never had any waffles!”

Mother was sitting on the other side of the table in the breakfast nook, pouring batter into a shiny nickel-plated electric waffle iron.

Teddy was very happy; he just loved to have Selma go home on a visit. He was always glad when birthdays and holidays came, for then Mother brought out the pretty waffle iron, that Daddy had given her last Christmas, and they had the most fun.

“Olden-time children couldn’t have waffles, because they didn’t have electricity,” he continued, thinking pityingly of the world before the time of electric appliances.

“But, Teddy dear, you’re mistaken. Why, even George Washington had waffles. The irons were the queerest kind, with handles as long as broomsticks, so that one could hold them in the hot coals on the hearth. They tasted just like ours, and I’m sure their maple syrup was much better.”

Teddy was so hungry that he almost forgot his table manners and Mother tapped sharply with her knife on her plate. “Not so fast, son! Not so fast! It’s a long time until the school bell rings.” Then she asked, “Didn’t I ever tell you the story about Great-great-grandmother Corel, and her famous waffle iron?”

“No’m,” replied Teddy with his mouth perilously full of food.

“Well,” commenced Mother, “Grandmother Corel lived in York County, Virginia, near two very important crossroads, and

unlike most people who fought with the Colonial soldiers, Grandfather was quite a wealthy man and owned a number of slaves.

“It was early one morning in September when Grandmother was startled by Snow-white—as the children loved to call the coal-black negro cook—talking loudly to someone at the back door.

“‘You all g’wan away from hyar,’ cried Snow-white. ‘We all hain’t got no use fer Tories. We all is Washington people.’”

“Grandmother hurried down. Yorktown was very near them and was held by the English. General Cornwallis might make it very uncomfortable for anyone who voiced sentiments like those, so loudly.

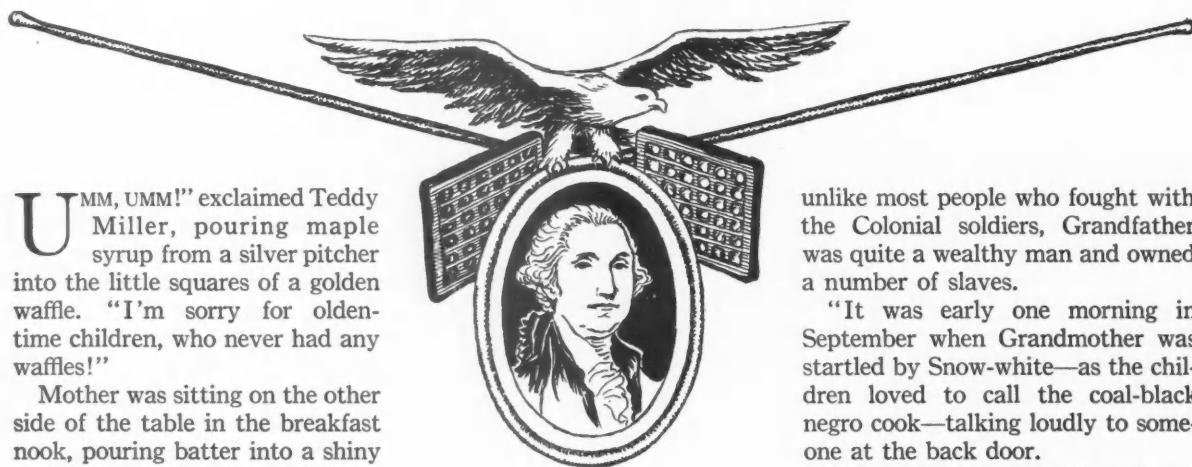
“When Grandmother arrived at the rear of the house, Snow-white was bending over the hearth taking a nice crisp brown waffle from the iron, and watching her hungrily from the doorway was the eager face of a Redcoat. He wasn’t much more than a boy, and Grandmother, being a very motherly woman, was sorry for him.

“‘Snow-white, what is this?’ she asked severely, looking at the stranger. Grandmother believed in hospitality as she did in religion.

“‘Miss Jenny,’ commenced the old darkey, ‘we all cain’t have them there Redcoats a-hangin’ ’round hyar to pamper. They’d all pester—’

“‘Now, now,’ corrected Grandmother. ‘Have you forgotten the Sermon on the Mount, that I read to you last Sunday?’

“Then she smiled at the boy and went on, ‘If this lad is hungry we shall certainly give him food,’ and she invited him into the dining room. She often said he seemed too young to be a soldier with his



boyish white skin, and his fair hair and blue eyes"

"Was it really a Redcoat? Did he have a gun?" asked Teddy breathlessly, the sharp little freckles seeming to stand out like question marks.

His mother didn't answer but went on with the story. "Grandmother said that she never forgot the look of gratitude in the young scout's eyes. He could hardly hold back the tears, when she invited him into the house, and told Snow-white to stir up another batter. Then Grandmother, herself, filled the pewter pitcher—yes, the one that Aunt Pennie has yet—with maple syrup, which they had made from their own trees early in the spring, and sent Ca'line to the spring-house for butter and to the smoke-house for ham, and in a few moments the young boy was eating the best meal he had had since the war started.

"When he had finished he whispered, 'Madam, may I speak to you alone?'

"At that Great-grandmother sent the darkies off on errands and the boy, touching the bright red coat, said, 'Lady, this is a disguise. You have served a soldier of the Continental Forces. General Washington, himself, will thank you for that service.'

"'You are in constant danger of being taken,' whispered Grandmother. 'Can we not devise some way to hurry you toward the American lines?' She sat thinking for several moments, then called Snow-white and said, 'Tell Saul to bring the carriage to the door immediately. Then come up to my room.'

"Quickly they transformed that Redcoat into a charming young miss. Grandmother herself at that time was but twenty-four years old and slender. She put her flounced skirt on the lad, placed her new wig over his yellowish hair, and then he slipped into her richest flowered silk dress.

"'You look quite well except the feet.' She smiled, for try as they would the scout could not get into Grandmother's tiny silk slippers.

"'But that will not matter much. You will be sitting down, you know,' she explained.

"Saul was waiting and in a few moments a charming girl walked mincingly out—as women walked in those times—carrying a lacy parasol. The slender face looking from the flower-trimmed poke bonnet, had one black patch stuck coquetishly above a

dimple. 'Remember to keep the hands well concealed in the fullness of your ruffles,' Grandmother advised as they drove away.

"It was fortunate that Grandmother thought of such a clever disguise, for in about twenty minutes there was the sound of horses' hoofs coming at great speed, and a squad of Redcoats wheeled their horses suddenly into the drive.

"The captain dismounted and came up the path just as Grandmother stepped out on the gallery—as they called their porches—and curtsied daintily.

"'Madam.' The soldier bowed with stateliness, for people were very prim in those times. 'Have you seen a lone man, dressed as a British soldier, pass your house this morning?'

"'No one has passed,' she replied quite truthfully. Then she added,

'But I have been helping a departing guest prepare for her journey, and cannot say.'

"'A man is missing from the ranks and the general suspects him to be a rebel spy. We were routed out without breakfast. Could you give us some breakfast very quickly?'

"'Yes, indeed,' replied Great-great-grandmother. 'Snow-white has some waffle batter already stirred up.'

"She showed the men where to wash themselves and hurried back to the kitchen to give the old negro instructions. 'Now remember not to mention the young soldier whom we fed this morning,' she warned. 'And, Snow, be very, very slow,' and Granny patted her black arm.

"Snow-white went about preparing the food, grumbling about having to feed 'a whole passel' of Redcoats, and everything went wrong.

"And my! You can't think of the good things that Great-great-grandmother brought out to keep those soldiers eating! How those Redcoats fell on the ham and maple syrup, and orange marmalade from England! What wonderful cherry wine! What delicious honey! No gentlemen could run from such ample and generous hospitality, and all the while the young spy with important secrets was getting farther and farther from the British lines.

"'My goodness!' at last cried the captain. 'Look at that sun!'

[Continued on page 84]





A PATRIOT IN HOOPS

By FRANCES CAVANAH

Author of "The Treasure of Belden Place"



O-OH! They must be at least three yards around."

Sarah Sterling smiled as she looked into the mirror, and a little ten-year-old girl in brimming hooped skirts smiled proudly back at her. "I've always wanted a dress like this—rose silk and real hoops just like Mother's. Isn't it lovely, Father?"

Captain Sterling looked down into the eager brown eyes and a twinkle came into his own. "If you really want my opinion, I think it makes you look like a barrel. A very beautiful barrel, of course, covered with a vast amount of silk and lace and ribbon—but still a barrel."

And then he broke into that comic song, so popular during the early days of the sixties:

Now crinoline is all the rage with ladies of whatever age,
A petticoat made like a cage—oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
'Tis formed of hoops and bars of steel, or tubes of air which
lighter feel,
And worn by girls to be genteel, or if they've figures to conceal.
It makes the dresses stretch far out a dozen yards or so about,
And pleases both the thin and stout—oh, what a ridiculous
fashion!"

Sarah laughed and stood on tiptoes to kiss his chin. "I'm sorry you don't like it. I think it's the nicest birthday present you and Mother ever gave me."

"Of course, he likes it," Mrs. Sterling interrupted. "He's only trying to tease you, child."

"Well, here's something I like better." Father took a package from his pocket and watched Sarah break the strings with eager fingers. This was a surprise indeed—the dress alone had filled her cup of birthday

happiness to overflowing.

"An autograph album!" she squealed as she lifted the little book from its white wrappings. Beneath a hand-painted spray of flowers it bore the legend—Forget-me-not—and the leaves were held in place between the covers by blue ribbons. "I'm the happiest girl in Maryland."

"Then you'll probably be the happiest girl in the Union when I tell that I am going to drive you and Mother over to Washington with me to-day."

"Father!" Sarah came closer and looked up into his face. "Are you going to the Executive Mansion?"

"Yes, I am going to call on Abraham Lincoln." And at the mention of the beloved name, the teasing gray eyes became serious and into the young captain's voice there crept a note of tender pride.

Maryland was a troubled state during those early days of the sixties. She had cast her lot with the Union; but there were those—in this, the third year of the war—who believed that the South was right. The majority of her sons had entered the Northern armies, but there were twelve thousand—among them the two Longwood sons from the next farm—

who had joined the Confederate forces. Yes, it was a troubled time not only for Maryland but for America. It was a time of quarreling and discord and there was only one man, so Father said, who understood all sides and had sympathy for every faction. That man was Lincoln.

The farm where Sarah lived was about twenty miles south of Washington near the Potomac—a good half-





day's drive in the old family carriage with Robin between the shafts. There had been much talk of this trip to the Capital, and Sarah's joy in being allowed to accompany her father was shadowed by the knowledge that it might mean another farewell. She would never forget

that first good-by when he had gone to join the Union Army. For two years she had not seen him, and he had returned to her only when he was wounded. Now he was well again—not well enough to return to his regiment, for he still limped, but “feeling fit as a fiddle,” he insisted, and “hankering to be of use to Father Abraham again,” if not as a soldier, then in some other way. Though he had said it in his usual laughing, boyish manner, Sarah knew and her mother knew how dear to him was the cause of the Union.

“What's this, my pretty young barrel?” His glance fell on the little forget-me-not book in Sarah's lap, as she sat beside him in the front seat of the carriage.

“It's my autograph album.” Sarah looked up at him happily. “I'm going to ask Mr. Lincoln for his name.”

Captain Sterling whistled, then checked himself as he saw the light fade from her face. “You mustn't do that, dear. The President is far too busy to write in the autograph album of a little girl.”

“But if I ask him very politely—”

“That's just why you mustn't ask him—he would not like to disappoint you, if you did. He is a very busy man, Sarah, and a very weary man—he is the only man living who has the vision to see us through these trying years. We must help him in every way we can, and one of the best ways is not to make unnecessary demands upon his time.”

Sarah put the book away inside the bodice of her dress. She said nothing but, looking down, her father saw her disappointment.

“I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom,” he quoted softly. “That is one of the most beautiful things Abraham Lincoln ever said. Why don't you write it on the first page of your album, dear? That would be almost as good as having his autograph.”

“I believe I'll write it on the back of the front cover,” Sarah answered cheerfully. “But if you don't mind, Father, I'll leave the first page of my album blank. Perhaps when the war is over and the President is not so busy, I can ask him.”

The visit to the Executive Mansion—as the White House was spoken of in those days—was not what Sarah had expected. Abraham Lincoln did not meet them at the door and call to Tad to come downstairs and play with her, as she had hoped. Instead, a

doorman ushered them into a long room filled with anxious people—an older woman dressed in black, several wounded soldiers and a group of important looking men over in the corner talking in the low tones of hushed excitement.

When Captain Sterling's turn came to see the President, Sarah had only a glimpse of the tall, rugged figure as he came forward to shake her father's hand before the door of the private office closed again. That glimpse, though, showed her the tired, lined face, and a sudden warmth was kindled in her heart. She understood now why the soldiers called him Father Abraham.

“I am leaving very early in the morning,” Father whispered, as he helped them back into the carriage. “Where I am going I cannot tell you, and why I am going you must not ask. I shall be back in a month or so—in three months anyway.”

Mrs. Sterling's breath came in a quick gasp. “It will be more dangerous than soldiering.”

“Yes, and it will be more helpful.”

Sarah felt very proud of her brave young father then. “Are you going to be a spy?” she asked.

“Sh!” His hand gently covered her lips. “You must tell no one, Sarah, for there are many—in our own neighborhood even—who might use the knowledge against me. If anyone asks where I am, say that I have gone back into the service of the Union and it will be true.”

Sarah was disappointed the next morning, when her father left in the gray dawn, to find that he had laid aside his handsome uniform. Wearing the





overalls of a Maryland farmer, he carried a basket of her mother's jellies and explained, in answer to her surprised questions, that he had gone into the "peddling business."

He crushed her to him. "If I should ever come back in a hurry, will you have a strawstack handy to hide me in?"

Looking up at him, she saw that the unshed tears were in his eyes, and she understood that the light tone was only to make the parting easier. She understood, too, that the basket on his arm was merely an excuse to gain him admittance to the Southern lines where he could find the information needed by the President.

"I may not be able to write," he said, "but remember, I shall be loving you always. Every time I see the old man in the moon, I'll throw a kiss to him, Sarah, and ask him to send it on to you. You do the same, and in that way we can keep in some sort of touch with one another."

He put her down then and turned to embrace his wife. "It is for Father Abraham," he said, and though his voice was husky, his smile was still undimmed. Sarah and her mother stood in the gateway and watched him leave, but the tears hid him from their sight long before he reached the bend in the road.

Summer became fall and fall became winter, and Captain Sterling did not return. The three months were up on Thanksgiving Day, and they killed a turkey for the feast which he did not come to share. Sarah knitted him a scarf and a pair of socks for Christmas, and they hung the house with mistletoe, but he was not there to claim his gifts. New Year's came and January dragged itself to a slow close, and they began to fear that the brave

captain's mission had ended in disaster. Each night Sarah hung a lantern on the gatepost to light the way for him, and often she hovered near that she might be there to welcome him even before he reached his door. But if ever the tears quivered on her lashes, there were only the stars to see them. And if there was ever a sob in her throat, there was only the wind to hear it. She kept her doubts from her mother, just as her mother kept her fears and her grief from her; and when they were together they spoke only words of comfort and good cheer. The happiest nights were the nights when the full moon hung in the sky and Sarah blew kisses to it from her finger tips. At such times the man in the moon smiled back and gave her courage.

It was a drizzly, rainy day in February when Captain Sterling finally came. His wife had gone on an errand to a neighboring farmhouse, and Mose, the old black slave, was filling the wood box in the kitchen. Sarah, mixing the batter for the breakfast pancakes, heard the door open and looked up to see her father stagger in.

"Quick! The maps! Hide them." He spoke in the quick, gasping breaths of a man who had been pursued, as he fell into a chair by the table.

"Are you hurt, Father?" Sarah bent over him anxiously.

He shook his head, his breath coming more evenly now, as he gratefully drank from the dipper of cool water Mose held out to him. "I had the maps and



was on my way north when I met Roy Longwood. He recognized me, of course, and now he and two other Confederates are on my trail."

"But they wouldn't dare to come into an enemy state—"

"They would dare a great deal to get those charts back. Besides they are in disguise as I am." He rose to his feet impatiently. "They may be here any minute, child. I am one against three, and I have no pistol. Hide the charts—quick! In the mattress of your bed—anywhere—but hide them."

Sarah turned to the old colored man. "Mose, harness Robin to the buggy and have him waiting for me by the front gate."

With that she disappeared into her bedroom, only to come out five minutes later wearing her hoops, with the rose silk skirts billowing around her. She pinned a shawl around her shoulders and tied the ribbons of her bonnet in a bow beneath her chin.

"I was afraid the soldiers would look in the mattress the first thing, Father," she said wisely, "so I'm taking the papers to the President myself."

Captain Sterling started up from his chair in protest, but Sarah, as though to reassure him, laughed up into his face. "Don't you worry—they're well hidden."

A moment later, though, she wondered if she had boasted too soon, for as she guided Robin out into the road she met Roy Longwood and his two companions.

"I reckon we'd better search this little gal," he said. "She's the daughter of the man we've been chasing."

Sarah faced him indignantly, her thoughts going back to the time only a few years before when he had been young enough to go in wading with the smaller children of the neighborhood. "Roy Longwood, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Don't you dare to search me."

In perplexity Roy scratched his head—this was a type of enemy new to his experience. "I'll take you over home and have Ma search you. You boys go up and see what you can

find at the house."

Sarah's heart sank—not for reasons of modesty alone had she delivered her tirade against the former neighbor boy. "Oh, dear God," she prayed softly under her breath, "please don't let them find Father Abraham's papers. Please don't."

For a moment Sarah forgot their differences when old Mrs. Longwood's face lighted up with joy and surprise at seeing Roy again. But she remembered them when the mother was as insistent as the son that Captain Sterling's daughter should

be searched. She stood there grimly, her eyes closed, while the older woman emptied the contents of her bag, examined her sleeves, felt carefully inside the bodice of her dress and shook the panniers of her skirt; and she sighed in relief when these labors revealed nothing more alarming than the little forget-me-not autograph album.

"I'm sorry we had to do it," Roy apologized as he helped her back into the buggy. "You know, Sarah, I still like you, even if you are on the wrong side of the fence."

"You're the one who's on the wrong side of the fence," was Sarah's crisp answer; but as she drove away it was with the thought, "Oh, won't it be nice when we're all one big family again? That's one reason I'm so anxious to get these papers to Mr. Lincoln, because that's what Father says he's working for."

The rain which had been a bleak drizzle when she left home now changed into great blinding sheets of water that lashed against the open buggy as the horse plowed its steady way towards Washington. Sarah put up the side curtains, but they were scant protection against the cold fury of the weather. She

tucked the laprobe around her knees, but the water soaked through, leaving her a very much bedraggled looking little girl in what her father would have termed "a barrel of spoiled finery." One glance at the drooping rose garment that had once been her beautiful birthday

[Continued on page 76]





INTRODUCING:

LIZA JANE, a pickaninny; she wears a calico dress.

TAG, her puppy, (who can be a toy dog, if you like).

HANNAH, a twelve-year-old girl.

SUSY, Hannah's younger sister.

FRANK, Hannah's and Susy's brother.

Boys and girls of the neighborhood.

The girls wear white aprons over dark full-skirted dresses that are rather long.

WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP: An old-fashioned living-room during Civil War days. There is a center table, chairs and, away to the right, a sofa. At the back is a window or at least a curtained square that looks like one. Over at the left is a baby's crib.

Someone is whistling "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" off stage, as the curtain goes up, and the stage remains deserted. Then suddenly the whistling breaks off, there is a scream, then the cry of "Get out, you good-for-nothing pup! Get out!" and the sound of crashing dishes. The next moment LIZA JANE rushes in from the left with TAG, her puppy in her arms. She pauses, panting, when she reaches the middle of the room, rolls her eyes around excitedly, then darts out of the door at the right.

A moment later HANNAH hurries in from the left, goes to the right and calls, "LIZA JANE, you come back here this minute!" then, after an instant's pause, sinks down in a rocking-chair, picks up her knitting and begins to knit excitedly.

HANNAH: I declare! That foolish little pickaninny! She lets her beloved puppy loose, so that it spoils the custard and breaks a dish. Then she runs away to hide and leaves me here to stay with the baby. And it's not my turn!

[She continues to knit for a moment after speaking, then she puts aside her work and looks up, for the sound of tramping feet is heard off stage. Just then through the door at the right march FRANK, SUSY and some neighborhood boys and girls. They are waving flags and whistling the first stanza of "Marching Through Georgia."]

BOYS and GIRLS (marching around the room and then around HANNAH, singing these words for the chorus):

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Lincoln's coming near!

Hurrah! Hurrah! How one and all will cheer!

We girls and boys will make a noise

To greet our hero dear,

When Lincoln comes riding here!

[They repeat the chorus, salute, laugh and wave their flags, then they flop down on the floor around HANNAH's chair.]

FRANK: Truly, sister, he *is* coming. Isn't he, Susy?

SUSY: Frank is right, Hannah. He's passing through our town this very day!

A BOY: We just heard about it, so Frank made up the song and—

A GIRL: We came to fetch you!

HANNAH (clapping her hands): Lincoln! Our Lincoln! We shall see him pass by the roadway!

FRANK: Not here, goosie, down by the common.

SUSY: And Mamma is down at the church with the other ladies, rolling bandages, of course, and she says—

FRANK: That you and Susy and I may come down to the common and wave to him as he passes.

HANNAH (jumping up): Hurrah! [Then her face falls and she sits down again].

SUSY: She says that it's Liza Jane's turn to stay home with the baby, and on no account is she to leave the house.

FRANK (to the others): That little pickaninny is so forgetful, especially since she had news of her big brother's death on the battlefield. He was Captain Jim, you know—a brave soldier. He meant everything to her.

A BOY: Poor little





pickaninny! He gave her that puppy, didn't he?

HANNAH: Yes, and just now, she's run off with her puppy—who just broke a dish. And that means—(she swallows hard) that means I must stay here and mind the baby.

[LIZA JANE pokes her head in at the right doorway; then, unseen by the others, she withdraws.]

SUSY: Oh, sister! But you want to see Lincoln, too!

FRANK (hesitating): Are you sure you can't find Liza Jane? It's her turn to stay with the baby. I declare! It's a mean shame. Shall—shall we stay instead?

HANNAH (smiling faintly): No, run along, and cheer our President for me, too. Perhaps I will hear the cheering.

BOYS and GIRLS: Come along, Frank! Come, Susy! We want to get there in plenty of time.

FRANK: Well—come, Susy! Good-bye, Hannah! 'Tis a mean shame you can't come, too!

HANNAH: Good-bye!

[She follows them to the door at the right, then goes to the window and waves as she watches them out of sight. Then she comes back slowly, picks up her knitting, puts it down again and buries her face in her hands. In another moment LIZA JANE tiptoes in at the right and puts her hand timidly on HANNAH'S shoulder.]

LIZA JANE (gruffly): Dar now, Miss Hannah. Tag'n me bof take care o' de baby. Deed we will. Run 'long now.

HANNAH (lifting her face and beginning to smile): Oh, Liza Jane. Will you? It's your turn, but p'raps you'd like—

LIZA JANE: Uh-um—no'm. Sho' I don't want to. Run along now, Miss Hannah! Hurry!

HANNAH (putting on her

bonnet and shawl): Well, I will then. Thank you, Liza Jane. [She hurries off at right.]

LIZA JANE (hurrying to window): Dar! Did you see dat? 'Spect she b'lieve me, too. She tink Liza Jane didn't want to see Massa Linkum—didn't want—

[She throws herself down on the sofa and buries her face in a cushion. A moment later she bobs up again, brushing her tears away and pulls a rag doll from her blouse.]

Tell you what, Lily doll. We'll ce'brate heah—quiet, I s'pect, so we don't wake dat baby.

[She tiptoes over to the cradle, then comes back, pulling out a red, white and blue ribbon, a paper soldier hat, and three flags from her blouse. She puts on the cap and ties the ribbon around the doll's neck, singing softly, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys Are Marching." Then she digs deeper and brings out a picture of Lincoln, which she gazes at lovingly before she props it up on the sofa between two of the flags.]

Dar! Now Massa Linkum, dey'll soon be singin' to yo down on de common. Lemme see, dey'll sho' sing "When Johnny Comes Marchin' Home."

[She picks up the other flag and marches around the room bravely singing.]

Git ready fo' de jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll gib de hero free
times free,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
De laurel wreaf is ready
now
To place upon his royal
brow
An' we'll all feel gay
when
Johnny comes marchin'
home.

Let lub an' friendship on
dat day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
De choicest treasures den
display
Hurrah! Hurrah!





An' let each one perfohm some part
To fill wid joy de warriah's heart
An' we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marchin' home!

[The last two lines of the song are sung quite sadly. She comes to a halt by the sofa. Then with the doll in her arms, she sits down on the floor facing it.]

But, Lily, my Cap'n Jim he ain't marchin'. De wah done took him away. Guess he done march home to Hebben. [A pause.] Wish I could see my big brothah, Lily. I—Ise lonesome. [She is silent for a moment, then she lifts the doll up so she can see the Lincoln picture.]

Like to see Massa Linkum, too? Dar he is, Lily, kind Massa Linkum. He's marchin' home to Washington to-day, and I specs he glad he made de slaves all free. Specs he wish de wah was ovah, too. Peers like he mighty good man. Don't he look lonely—and sad—and brave—and kind? My Cap'n Jim he lub Massa Linkum and so does you and me bof two togeder. And to-day he marchin' home. [She starts up as distant hurrahs and the sound of drums and marching music are heard.]

What's dat! O, Lily, it's Massa Linkum—and he comin' down our road right past dis window! He sho' is! Oh!

[She rushes to the window. The music and shouting and tramping feet grow louder. The strains of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" are heard outside. She claps her hands and jumps up and down.]

Dar de soldiers! See de flags and heah dem folks shout! Hurrah! Who's dat tall thin, sad man who's bowin'—why dat's Linkum—our Linkum! Hurrah!

Dar's my puppy. Kin you see him, puppy? Why, look at dat puppy tryin' to cross de

road! Ooooo! He'll be run ober! Ooooo!

[She puts her hand over her eyes, then looks again and lets out a long breath of relief.]

He save him—Massa Linkum got off his horse and pick him up! Heah, puppy! [She rushes out at right and returns almost at once with the puppy in her arms.]

See him smile at me, puppy? De Lord bress him foreber 'n' eber. Yo' all I got an' Massa Linkum save you!

[She stands by the window in silence as the music and tramping dies away in the distance.]

HANNAH, SUSY and FRANK (bursting in at the right, with others following): Liza Jane! Liza Jane!

FRANK: We have good news—Liza Jane. At the telegraph office a despatch—

LIZA JANE: Huh?

SUSY: It was a mistake about Captain Jim. He was wounded but—

HANNAH: He's alive!

ALL: He's alive!

FRANK: And he's on the way home right now!

LIZA JANE: Cap'n Jim—my Cap'n Jim!

[She lifts up her face, transfigured with joy, and runs to the sofa where at arm's length she holds up the picture of Lincoln and says softly.]

An' my puppy, too. O, Massa Linkum—Ise—Ise much obliged.

HANNAH: Listen, you can still hear them singing down the roadway!

VOICES (singing off stage):
Glory, Glory, hallelujah!

Glory, Glory, hallelujah!

Glory, Glory, hallelujah!

Histruthismarch-
ing on!

LIZA JANE (to herself): He's marchin' home!



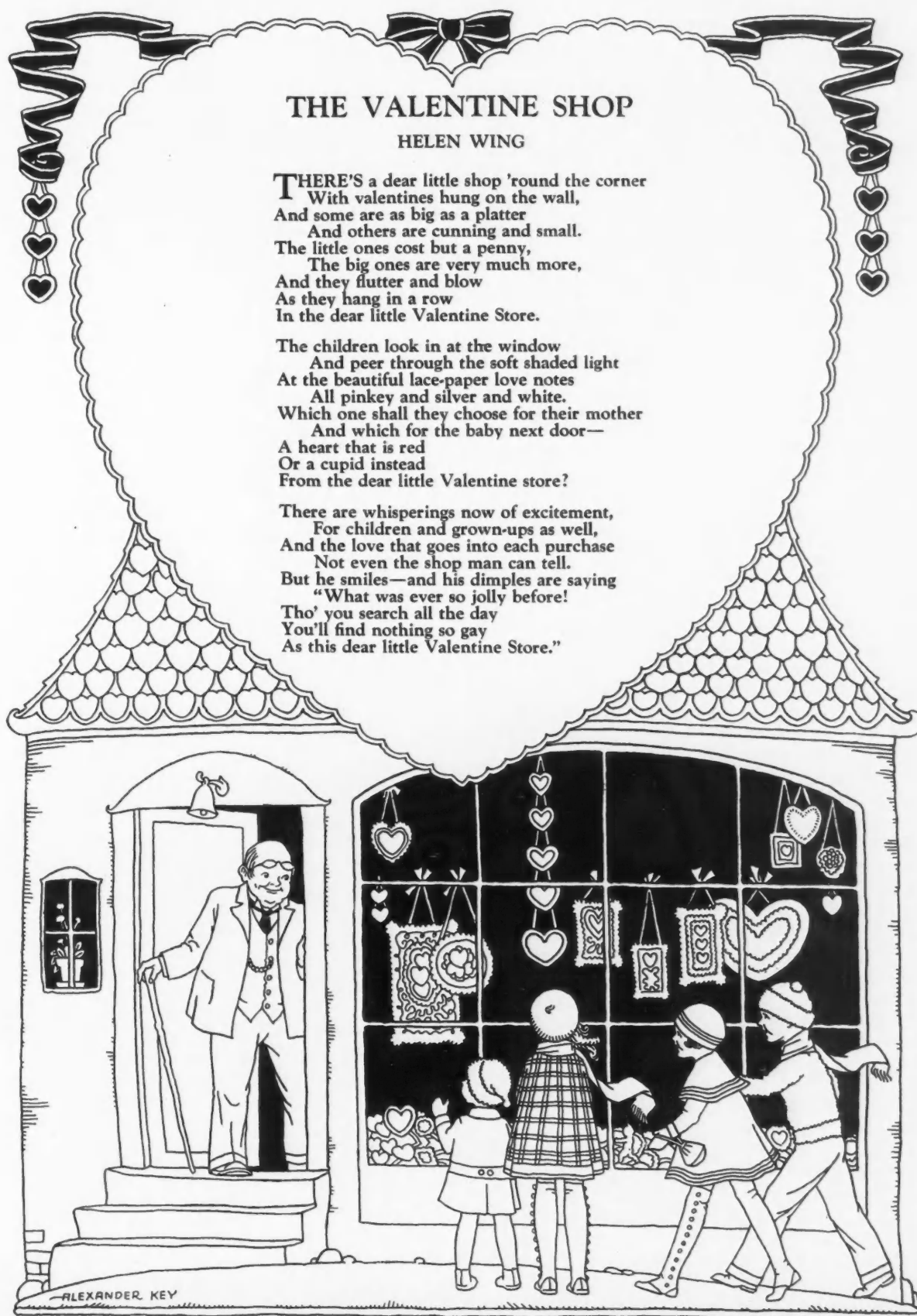
THE VALENTINE SHOP

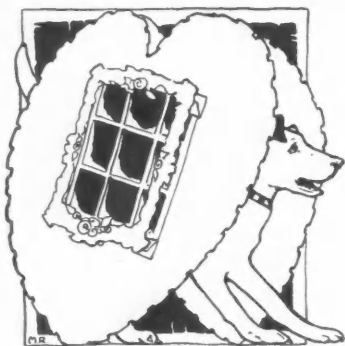
HELEN WING

THERE'S a dear little shop 'round the corner
 With valentines hung on the wall,
 And some are as big as a platter
 And others are cunning and small.
 The little ones cost but a penny,
 The big ones are very much more,
 And they flutter and blow
 As they hang in a row
 In the dear little Valentine Store.

The children look in at the window
 And peer through the soft shaded light
 At the beautiful lace-paper love notes
 All pinky and silver and white.
 Which one shall they choose for their mother
 And which for the baby next door—
 A heart that is red
 Or a cupid instead
 From the dear little Valentine store?

There are whisperings now of excitement,
 For children and grown-ups as well,
 And the love that goes into each purchase
 Not even the shop man can tell.
 But he smiles—and his dimples are saying
 "What was ever so jolly before!
 Tho' you search all the day
 You'll find nothing so gay
 As this dear little Valentine Store."





NOSEY SENDS A VALENTINE

By ELEANOR HAMMOND



HIS nose was usually in other people's business, which was the reason for his name. Nothing was beneath Nosey's notice from the garbage can to the minister's galoshes. From the moment when he began to wander about on his unsteady puppy legs, things began to happen in the Burton household which would not have happened there if there had been no Nosey on the premises.

Sometimes it was a sweater of Bob's missing. Sometimes Susan found her favorite doll buried among the radishes in the rear. Once Mother could not go to church because Nosey had hidden one of her best shoes. Of course, Nosey could not choose any time to do it except the week-end when Mother's other pair of oxfords were at the cobbler's being half-soled. Father's morning paper vanished as if by magic and when Aunt Emma came to visit, Nosey ran off with her only child, Willie, and drove the family nearly frantic with worry before Bob found them sleeping in a water pipe that awaited laying in a by-street.

It was not that Nosey was really dishonest—he simply could not seem to learn right from wrong. Bob, his owner, tried long and hard to make him learn, but the large mongrel would wag his tail and watch Bob with eyes that seemed to say, "I understand perfectly! I'll never make *that* mistake again!" And then Nosey would run off and get into an even worse scrape. Nosey was very intelligent, but his intelligence never seemed to work in just the way people would have preferred.

Jenny James moved into the house across the street the same autumn that Nosey learned to carry

the shopping basket home from the grocery. Jenny was ten, the same as Susan, and the two little girls soon became fast friends.

Whether Nosey and Bob, who was a year and a half older than his sister, felt that playing with little girls was beneath their dignity and let Susan and her chum know this, or whether Susan and Jenny preferred not to be bothered with great awkward boys and dogs, it is hard to say. It is certain that the four did not play together often and a sort of feud grew up between the two parties.

Perhaps there was reason on both sides. When Jenny and Susan invited Bob and his dog to a tea party, Bob managed to upset the doll table and Nosey gobbled up all the cakes Jenny had baked for the feast. When Bob invited his sister and her friend to go coasting with him on Blue Lake hill they spoiled the party by getting upset in a snowdrift and insisting on going home to thaw out.

"I'm never going to speak to you again, Bob Burton! You have the worst dog in town!" Jenny raged when she found Bob laughing beneath the leafless tree where Nosey had driven her kitten.

"Mittens might even freeze up there waiting for Nosey to let her down—or she might fall and break her neck!" Susan joined in loyally.

Bob laughed harder than ever. "Who ever heard of a kitten freezing—with all that fur on? And Mittens couldn't break her neck if she tried!"

He reached for the protesting kitten and held her upside down over the snowy lawn. "See!" he insisted as he let go of the kitten's paws. Of course,



Mittens landed on her feet but the snow got in her eyes and nose and made her sneeze.

"You can just keep your cat at home, after this," said Bob. "She was trying to steal Nosey's dinner off our porch—and that's why he chased her away!" Bob went off toward the grocery, whistling.

Nosey picked up the basket his master had trained him to carry and followed after him. Nosey was proud of his accomplishment, too. He liked the admiring stir he and Bob created when they entered the shops. He walked right up to the counter and held his basket ready for the parcels to be put in. At the butcher's he put down the basket and looked the fat friendly butcher in the eye and wagged an insinuating tail.

"Are you going to give me a wienerwurst to-day?" Nosey meant to say.

Nearly always the butcher gave him something.

When Bob and Nosey reached home with Mother's groceries, they found Susan busy cutting out pictures and pasting them on red cardboard hearts.

"What do you think you're doing?" Bob inquired.

Nosey stuck his tongue into the paste pot but decided the contents were not agreeable eating.

"Get away!" Susan scolded the dog. "Stop spoiling my valentines!"

"Are you going to send Nosey and me valentines?" Bob teased.

Susan would not answer him.

"All right, old dog," Bob chuckled. "We'll get



ourselves some valentines, and they won't be just old paper lace things either!"

Nosey wagged his tail understandingly.

The next day was February fourteenth and Susan and Jenny walked about the neighborhood after school, delivering their valentines at their friends' doors.

Bob snorted as he saw them start off on their rounds. He went into the house and slammed the door as though he was not at all interested. But in his heart Bob wished he were delivering valentines, too. Last year he and Susan had made valentines together and had taken them

round together. It was sort of childish, of course, but it had been fun running up to the doors and slipping the envelopes under, then ringing the bell and running round the corner before the door was opened.

Bob took a book and sat down in front of the fireplace to read. But pirates didn't seem so interesting that afternoon. Bob wandered into the kitchen and cut a slice of bread and buttered it. There was no jam open to eat on it. Bob munched it thoughtfully. Nosey came and "spoke" for a bite. Bob tossed him half the slice.

"Let's go down to the grocery and get us some candy, old dog!" Bob suggested.

At the word, "grocery," Nosey ran for the basket he carried to the stores.

"We won't need that for a candy bar!" Bob laughed.

[Continued on page 83]



THE MYSTERY OF MIFFLES

By FRANCES CAVANAH

Author of "The Treasure of Belden Place"

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Spaulding, Morrison and Fisher, Incorporated—as Patsy Spaulding, Patty Morrison and Jimmy Fisher like to call themselves—are sitting by the dusty roadside discussing the stunt they are expected to put on at the amateur circus Mrs. Patterson is getting up. They are wishing for a dog they could train to do tricks, and a strange man, changing his tire a few feet away, overhears them. After questioning them closely he climbs into the back seat of his car and, leaning out, takes a folded paper apparently out of the empty air, instructing Patsy to put it in her pocket for safekeeping. Next he produces a high silk hat and, in some mysterious way, pulls a little white fox terrier out of it and gives it to Patsy to hold. With that he touches the accelerator, and the car disappears in a cloud of dust. The children soon forget their astonishment in their pleasure over their new pet. But when they try to teach him a few simple tricks he refuses to obey, even going so far as to yawn in their faces. Patsy's father is of the opinion that the man who gave the dog away had no legal right to him and thinks the real owner will soon put in a claim. He believes that perhaps the note the stranger gave them will explain everything, but when Patsy looks in the pocket of her dress for it, it has mysteriously disappeared.

PART III

A WEEK passed and no one came to claim our dog. Daddy changed his mind about advertising and inserted notices in all the papers of the surrounding towns.

"At least we've done our share," he declared, when the seventh day had come and gone and he had not had a single answer. "It looks to me as though Miffles is going to be the permanent property of Spaulding, Morrison and Fisher, Incorporated."

When I hurried up to Belden Place the next morning to share the

good news with Patty and Jimmy, I found Peg Patterson already there. Peg is one of our best friends, and it was her mother who had charge of the amateur circus and had asked us to perform.

"The copy for the circus programs is going to the printer to-day," she explained, "and Mother wants to know the name of your act."

The three of us looked at one another uneasily. Every day for a week we had been trying to teach Miffles a few tricks, with the result that we had been as unsuccessful on the last day as we had been on the first. We knew that we were supposed to report to Mrs. Patterson about a name, but we had been so busy we had forgotten all about it.

"Do you mean you don't even know what you're going to call your act yet?" Peg pretended to be shocked.

"Why, of course, we do," I answered, and Patty and Jimmy looked surprised. For that much, I was surprised, myself. "We're going to call it 'Miffles, the Mystery Dog.'"

And, as if in answer to his name, Miffles appeared around the corner of the house and ran into my arms. Raising his little black muzzle, he planted a cold, wet kiss upon my cheek.

"What can your dog do besides shake hands?" Peg asked, after she had taken the paw Miffles held out to her. I simply couldn't understand it—he always did this without even being asked, but though we begged him and commanded him and pleaded with him to do other tricks, he



simply wouldn't budge.

No one answered Peg's question for a moment, and then Patty tried to change the subject. "I've made him a costume—a little white vest and a red velvet cape edged with silver braid. I saw one like it on a dog in a picture, and Miffles likes to wear it."

"But I mean what tricks can he do?" Peg insisted.

"Well, you see," Jimmy answered slowly, "we're just teaching him."

"You mean he doesn't know his tricks yet? Why, all the other kids have their acts just about perfect already. And here you haven't even started."

"You needn't worry about our act," boasted Jimmy. "I bet it's going to be the best one at the circus."

"You'd better not depend on that dog then," Peg advised. "He's probably just a mutt anyway."

Miffles pricked up his ears at that, and Patty's dark eyes blazed. "Don't you dare—" she began, and then she must have remembered that she was Peg's hostess, or perhaps she realized that Peg didn't really mean to be unpleasant. At any rate, she bent her flushed cheeks over Miffles' collar and pretended to tighten the clasp. "It will be all right, Peg," she said very quietly. "Tell your mother she can count on us to have a good act ready."

After a promise like that, we simply had to make good. Besides, it was up to us to prove that Miffles *wasn't* a mutt. So, after Peg had left, we made him sit there, and each of us read him a lecture. Jimmy told him it was really very easy to learn tricks—dogs not nearly so smart as he was did it—and Miffles cocked his head. I explained that we would be in disgrace before the whole town if our act was a failure—and Miffles scratched his ear. Patty said, "You

know, we must keep our promise," and Miffles barked, "Woof-woof!" as much as to say, "Of course."

But though he seemed intelligent enough and eager to please us, while we were talking to him, the instant we began to train him, he was a changed dog. He no longer yawned in our faces or showed his teeth in a puppy smile. Instead, he crouched at our feet and whined beseechingly, as though begging us to stop.

"We might as well give up," Patty was almost in tears. "Why, Miffles, the way you act, a person would think we weren't kind to you."

Our pet seemed to realize that his period of training for the day was over, and he trotted gratefully up to my cousin and held out his paw to her.

"That's the only thing he knows how to do," I said. "That and sit still when we tell him to."

"It takes more than that to make a circus dog," Jimmy answered in a disgusted tone of voice.

"Perhaps it does, but it doesn't take any more than that to make a circus king." Patty turned her glowing face toward us, and I saw at once that she had a new idea.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

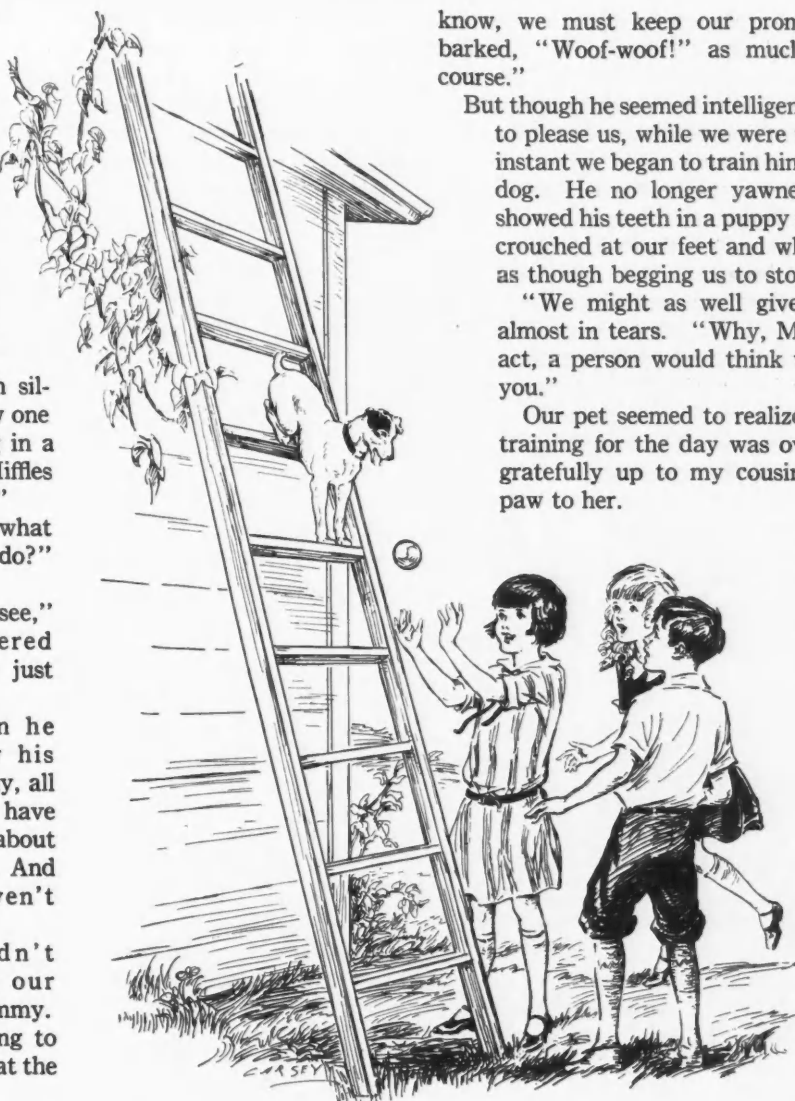
"I mean that Miffles can wear his robe and we'll make him a crown and he can sit on a throne and we three will pretend to be his subjects and give a dance for him. Don't you remember in school last year that story our teacher read us about those people in Ethiopia who had once made a dog their ruler?"

"Why, of course," I said. "And when Miffles holds out his paw for us to shake, we can pretend to kiss it instead. We can bow and scrape before him, and it will be lots of fun."

"But I can't dance," Jimmy protested, the beads of perspiration standing out on his freckled forehead, at the very thought of such a thing.

"Aunt Amy will teach you," Patty assured him. "Besides, the audience won't be looking at us. They'll be looking at the dog."

Of course, it wasn't the sort of act that we had planned, but it was a relief to have something definite in mind. It was nearly time for me to go



home, as I had promised to help Mother with the lunch, but we decided we could squeeze in one game of baseball before I left. The Fifth Grade girls were planning to form a team when school opened, and Jimmy was coaching us, so we would be sure to make it. I wasn't much good at pitching or catching, but when I came to bat, Jimmy said I certainly proved I had a strong right arm. The only trouble I sometimes knocked the balls too far, and that was what happened this morning. The ball flew to the roof of the tool shed and landed in the gutter.

"Say, what's the matter with you?" called Jimmy, and started for the ladder that leaned against the side of the building.

But there was a white streak across the lawn, and Miffles was there before him. Quickly and surely, he climbed the ladder, rung by rung, retrieved the ball and tossed it down to us. We stood there, staring at him—too surprised to speak—while he climbed down again.

"Miffles, you precious pup," I cried and ran up to pet him, with Patty and Jimmy close upon my heels.

But he backed away from us, and such a shamed look I have never seen in a dog's eyes. If his tail had only been a little longer, I am sure he would have put it between his legs; and as it was he slunk away and hid beneath the tool house. All our coaxing failed to bring him out till evening, and though we threw other balls for him in the days that followed, never once did he retrieve one.

"It does beat all," said Jimmy. "When he does do a smart thing, he's ashamed of it."

But there was one smart thing which Miffles learned to do, of which he was not ashamed. Daddy called him our "doggy express," for he became a regular traveling post office between Patty's house and mine. Because he was the property of Spaulding, Morrison and Fisher, Incorporated, we decided that he must spend some of his nights with my cousin, some with me, and some at Jimmy's cottage. It didn't make much difference about the daytime, because the three of us played together nearly every day anyway on the wide lawns at Belden Place. Miffles soon learned to find his way alone between our houses, and one day when our phone was out of order and Aunt May wished us to come up for dinner, Patty just tied a note to his collar and sent him down with it. We had him carry letters back and forth often after that, and it was

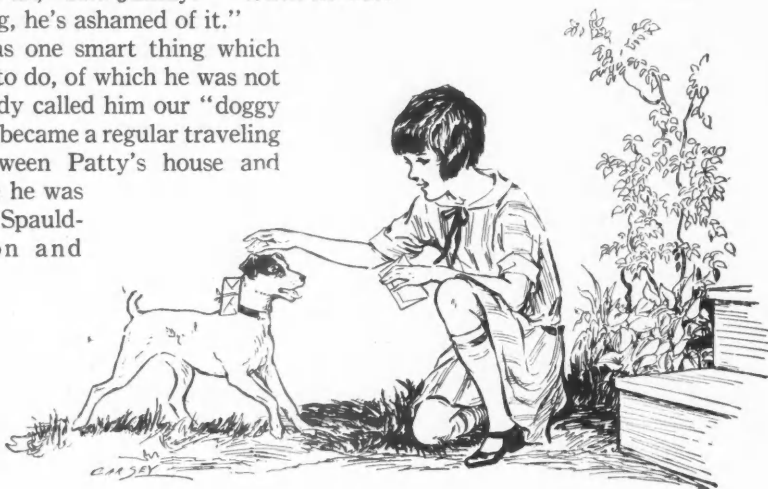
so much fun that we gave up seeing each other several times just so we would have something to write about.

We couldn't stay away from each other very often, though, during the next two weeks, for we had to meet nearly every day to practice the dance Mother was trying to teach us. We didn't do it very well, I'm afraid, especially Jimmy. He'd always forget which foot to start with, and then he'd get Patty and me mixed up, too.

The day before the circus there was a dress rehearsal, and Miffles did his part wonderfully. Of course, it wasn't much of a part—all he had to do was to sit there and hold out his paw. Still, he did look cute, dressed in his kingly robes and with his ears sticking through his crown; and he didn't bite at his costume or try to get it off, as most dogs would have. When we saw the other acts rehearse, we knew we'd never win the twenty-dollar gold piece, but Daddy said we shouldn't blame Miffles, just because he wasn't built for tricks.

We felt the same way about it and, disappointed though we were, we knew we wouldn't swap him for all the trained animals in a three-ring circus. He was smart, too, and very polite. If we were reading or writing letters or anything like that, no matter how much he wished to play, he'd wait till we had finished, crouching patiently at our feet and watching us out of his big brown eyes that could be so merry at times and so wistful at others. He seemed in much better spirits now than he had at

first, although once in a while he would crawl off by himself, and bury his nose between his paws. We would wonder then what he could be thinking of to make him look so sorrowful and decided that probably he was grieving for his old master, the man whose initials—S. V. C.—were engraved on his collar. We'd try to show him at times like these how much we



loved him, and he would thank us in his own doggy way by licking our hands and jumping up on us. He seemed to understand that we wanted to cheer him up, and soon he would be capering about as merrily as ever. For the last few days he had really seemed quite happy, except once when we tried again to teach him tricks. The old sad look had come back into his eyes, as though he wished to please us but somehow couldn't, and we gave it up. After

[Continued on page 92]

A VALENTINE PARTY

at the Toy Shop



THE Toy Shop dolls had invited their friends across the way to a Valentine party. So the evening before the party, they all took a hand at making valentines.

If you've ever made valentines yourself, you know what fun it is! Some of the dolls cut hearts out of red paper, some drew funny valentines, and Rosabelle wrote verses. Little Tommy Tassels insisted that he was quite an artist with water colors. He soon proved it by getting red paint not only on the valentines, but all over his new white suit!

Suddenly, from just outside the window, came the sound of a merry giggle. And there were two dolls from the rival toy shop, looking in! They waved and ran away.

"Oh dear!" said Tommy Tassels, dropping the paste in his excitement, "Now they'll tell the other dolls how dreadful our Toy Shop is going to look for the party! And my suit too," he added.

"No indeed," said Arabella. "We'll have this place clean in no time—and your suit too, while we're about it."

Tommy Tassels looked anxious. "But we're all so tired!" he objected.

The dolls laughed merrily at that. "Not so tired that we'll mind cleaning with Fels-Naptha Soap," they told him. "Because that means there's no hard rubbing to do."

And if you could have seen how the Toy Shop fairly sparkled for the party, and how everyone admired Tommy's spotless suit, you'd know why the dolls always use Fels-Naptha!

© 1929, Fels & Co.

MOTHERS

You'll value the extra help that Fels-Naptha brings—not only for children's clothes, but for the entire wash. It's the extra help of plenty of naptha, the dirt-loosener, and good golden soap, the dirt-remover. Working together, these two safe, active cleaners give you sweet, clean home-washed clothes without hard rubbing.

Whether you use Fels-Naptha in hot or cool water, in washing machine or tub, it gives you this extra help cheerfully. It's good for house-cleaning too!—and it's gentle to the hands. Your grocer has Fels-Naptha in single bars or the convenient ten-bar cartons. Order some today.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



1 Ted was hurrying down a snowy hill trying to catch up with his chums, Dick and Betsy Ann, who were also on their way to a Washington birthday party.



2 Then suddenly Chip appeared with a note in his mouth that he didn't want to let go of. Ted read: "Help. I've caught my foot in a floor hole of the deserted cabin."



3 When Ted and Chip reached the lonely cabin they found an elderly hunter in a fix. But the boy searched around, discovered a saw, and soon got him out of it.



4 Mr. Cutler, the old man, was too tired to walk back to town. So Ted gave up his party, lighted a fire, sent Chip back for help and stayed with him till it came.



5 "See here, this is Washington's birthday," said Mr. Cutler, as he was saying good-by. "And I know Washington would approve of my giving such a brave, resourceful boy this knife he once gave my ancestor!" And he handed Ted the finest present he had ever owned!

L. KATE DEAL

Bubbling love of fun! How mothers harness it to guide their youngsters



Michael Vincent O'Shea, Professor of Education at the University of Wisconsin, and author of "First Steps in Child Training"

"MAKE a game of important habits and children respond readily," says Professor Michael Vincent O'Shea, world famous psychologist and writer on child guidance.

How helpful to mothers—these new, better ways of child guidance, approved by psychologists. Any day is so full of problems! By the time her youngster's tucked in bed a mother has made as many decisions as the president of a corporation. And she has had to strike the balance between being too "easy"—and not forgetting children's love of fun.

One of the first problems is at the breakfast table. Mothers are anxious to see their children start off with a *hot, cooked* cereal. Nation-wide tests in the schools have shown the importance of this habit. Eating hot cereal in the morning often determines children's success, at work and play. That is why this rule now hangs in more than 70,000 classrooms:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"

Because no mother wants her child at a disadvantage, many take the joy out of the morning by saying, "Hot cereal is so good for you!" If they said that about candy the same thing would happen. The child decides that his cereal—Cream of Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever it is—is the last thing on earth he wants.

Then begins coaxing and cajoling. And all the while thousands of other mothers are getting results in a far pleasanter way!



That way is an ingenious plan—the H. C. B. Club—devised to help mothers. This Club arouses youngsters' enthusiasm for their hot cereal breakfast. It appeals to them with colored wall charts, gold stars, badges—all free.

Eating Cream of Wheat is just part of a fine game at first. But soon spoons fly and every bit of *hot, cooked* cereal disappears!

FREE—mothers say this plan works wonders

A club—called the H. C. B.—that children work out for themselves. A plan that arouses children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal break-

fast and makes them want to eat it regularly. Badges and a secret, gold stars and colored wall charts. All material free, sent direct to your children, with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Children cannot resist it! Eating Cream of Wheat becomes a fascinating game, then an enjoyable habit. Mail the coupon now—watch the club idea work.

Recommended by authorities for 32 years

Reasons why child specialists have long considered Cream of Wheat an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal:

1. Because it is so rich in energy.
2. Because with every harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is exceptionally easy to digest.
3. Because its creamy goodness is so easily varied by adding prunes, figs or dates while cooking.

Give your children the chance to do their best. Start them off in the morning with Cream of Wheat.

© 1929, C. of W. Co.



CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS

DEPT. R-20
MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name.....
First name..... Last name.....

Street..... City..... State.....

To get sample box of Cream of Wheat, check here.....

A PATRIOT IN HOOPS

(Continued from page 65)

present was enough to tempt her to add a few tears to the dampness and misery of the day. But instead she drew her shawl a little closer and broke into a quavering song—the song the men of the north had sung when the President sent forth his call for volunteers.

We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand strong.

There was only Sarah coming—and, of course, Robin, her horse—but somehow it helped to sing.

The rain had stopped when she reached the Capital, but dampness and gloom still clung to the streets when, after several inquiries as to the way, she guided Robin down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Executive Mansion. The beautiful old white house, surrounded by its wide circle of lawns and gardens, stood out in cheerful contrast against the dull sky.

She warmed her hands for a moment by the little stove in the vestibule, before the old colored doorman ushered her into the presence of Mr. Nicolay, a secretary, who upon hearing her errand showed her into the private office of the President.

He sat at an old-fashioned desk on the farther side of the room, absorbed in his papers, and something in the haggard face made Sarah pause for a moment after the door had closed behind her. Father Abraham, who had been a beautiful legend, had now suddenly become a beautiful reality—it seemed that she could not feast her eyes on him enough.

He picked up a pen to sign a letter, and she noticed the strong, sinewy hands that were to save a nation. She noticed the rugged lines of the tired face that were to etch his features on the memory of the world. She noticed the deep-set eyes that could see many things not given unto other men to see.

The eyes were looking into hers now, and were seeing her confusion. "Well, if it isn't the little lady Nicolay was telling me about." There was something very warm and comforting about his smile, as he arose to place a chair for her by the fire blazing in the grate. "Now what can I do for you, I wonder."

Sarah stammered in her embarrassment, as she took a pair of tiny scissors from her bag. "You can look the other way for a minute, if you don't mind."

The smile deepened on the President's face, as he obligingly obeyed. When he turned again to his desk, there were several papers before him, slightly damp and needle-pricked, but still unhurt. He looked at them in surprise.

"They're from my father," she explained simply.

Mr. Lincoln seemed pleased, but before he gave his attention to them he turned to the small boy

drowsing on the sofa. "Wake up, Tad," he said, "and get this little girl a glass of warm milk. She's shivering."

Tad yawned and stretched and eyed her bashfully. Then he disappeared through a side door, only to return a few minutes later with a glass of milk. Sarah sipped it gratefully.

"His lips smile, but his eyes are sad," she said to herself, her gaze going from the boy to the tall man at the desk. "I think he must be very tired."

And then she found herself wanting to put her arms around him, as she would her own father when he came in weary from his work in the fields. She wanted to say, "Can't I do something to help you, Father Abraham?"

He looked up as if in answer to her thought. "I suppose you don't remember what day this is."

"Why, it's February the twelfth."

"Yes, and it's my birthday. I'm fifty-four years old to-day, Sarah, and you've brought me the nicest birthday present I've ever had. I expect these charts to prove very helpful to our generals, and they may even be the cause of shortening the war. But tell me—" He looked at her curiously—"how did you happen to deliver them?"

And then Sarah found to her surprise that it wasn't hard to talk to the President—it was just as though she was repeating the story of her adventures to her father. He gave her the same close attention and he patted her shoulder in sympathy when she was through.

"It's been a hard day for a little girl," he said. "We'll have to see Mrs. Lincoln about putting you up over night."

"Oh, but I couldn't," Sarah protested, pleased though she was by the invitation. "I must go home and see what has become of Father. But, oh, Mr. President—if you're not too busy—do you think—"

She took the little forget-me-not book from her bag and laid it on his desk.

"So you're one of these autograph collectors, are you? Well now, I suppose you want my name."

"If—if—if it wouldn't be making unnecessary demands upon your time," said Sarah primly.

The President chuckled as he picked up a pen from his desk. "There's one thing you haven't told me—how did you manage to conceal all those papers when the neighbor woman searched you?"

Sarah blushed. She lowered her eyes.

"Come now, suppose we strike a bargain. I'm a great bargainer you know. You tell me how you managed to get those papers to me, and I'll write in your little book."

Again Sarah hesitated. Then her glance fell on the pen, poised to write the autograph she had waited for so long. "I—I—I hid them in my hoops. I—I sewed the papers with long, loose stitches to the strips of crinoline between the steel bars and—that's all."

The President's great laugh shattered the quiet.

(Continued on page 80)

On the S. S. ILE DE FRANCE

"the Ritz afloat"



The magnificent S. S. ILE DE FRANCE. Horlick's Malted Milk is a regular item of diet on this—the most celebrated of all modern steamships, with its clientele de luxe

"Horlick's"
is served in the
famous children's
restaurant

THE world's most modern and luxurious steamship—whose artist-designers have paid special attention to the needs of children!

Flagship of a line celebrated for its cuisine—whose chef specifies "Horlick's" for the children's menu!

"Horlick's"—because it has been commended by physicians for nearly half a century. Because mothers, whose children are accustomed to the best, request it.

What "Horlick's" gives

Horlick's Malted Milk gives your child a delicious, highly concentrated food in the most digestible form known.

Its energy value is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times that of lean beef, about 3 times that of eggs, 6 times that of potatoes.

It is a complete food. It contains all the nourishment of rich, full-cream milk plus that of malted grains. Carbohydrates, proteins, minerals, vitamins, preserved by the exclusive Horlick process.

And so easily are these food elements digested in "Horlick's" that they are assimilated almost at once. The action of the malt enzymes also helps to



Aladdin's Lamp, Little Red Riding Hood and other fairy characters have been amusingly "batiked" in wood by French artists on the walls of the children's restaurant of the S. S. ILE DE FRANCE, shown above

digest other foods, especially starches.

It is easy to see why "Horlick's" is so good for your children!

If they are underweight

If your children are nervous, irritable, lacking in appetite . . . give them "Horlick's" (natural or chocolate flavor) to build them up.

Energy, sound sleep, keen appetites usually return when underweight conditions are corrected.

Schools, mothers everywhere, report gratifying gains.

But do not confuse "Horlick's" with similar preparations which have appeared on the market. Only "Horlick's" is the original malted milk.

Only "Horlick's" has been used and endorsed by physicians and hospitals for almost 50 years.

"Horlick's" is made under sanitary conditions that meet the most exacting requirements of the medical profession. The milk is from dairies under Horlick control, subjected to rigid inspection. The choice grains

are malted in Horlick's own malt house by our special process. Every care you would take to protect your own children, Horlick has taken.

If you have been confused by conflicting claims, we urge you to ask your doctor.

A generous sample FREE

Why not start your children now on Horlick's Malted Milk? If they are underweight, to build them up. If of normal weight, for reserve energy. They love its delicious flavor.

Let us send you a generous sample to start with. Your choice of flavors, natural or chocolate. Just clip the coupon and mail it.

Or, go to your dealer and buy a package today. Insist on "Horlick's," the original and genuine.

A nourishing and delicious food drink for adults. Induces sound sleep if taken hot before retiring. An ideal food beverage for invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers, the aged and infirm. Horlick's Malted Milk Lunch Tablets afford relief in seasickness



The playrooms of the S. S. ILE DE FRANCE. Here Le Pa Ta Pan and the Guignol theatre, patterned after those which delight little French children of the aristocracy, amuse the tiny guests. Adjoining is the children's diet kitchen, where the nursery governess in charge of the playroom prepares the generous glasses of "Horlick's" for lunches

FREE SAMPLE

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CORP.

Dept. D-15, Racine, Wis.

This coupon is good for one sample of either Horlick's Malted Milk (natural) or Horlick's Chocolate Malted Milk.

The Speedy Mixer for quickly mixing a delicious Malted Milk in a glass will also be mailed to you if you enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover postage.



Check sample wanted ☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate

Name _____

Address _____

(If you live in Canada, address 2155 Pius IX Ave., Montreal)



"Horlick's" is sold in both natural and chocolate flavor, in powder or tablet form

THE ORIGINAL



MALTED MILK

HORLICK'S



SCALLOPED OYSTERS

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry Detectors," etc.

WINTER days that are long and dark are such fun because there are many pleasant things to be done indoors. When the sun shines we all want to be out enjoying it; but when the dark comes

early and there are stormy days we like to have something very, *very* interesting going on inside. So for this mid-winter month we have planned an important and particular lesson for the "Child Life" Kitchen and we know every cook is going to be pleased as Punch with the results. (Don't ask us *how* pleased Punch was, for we don't know. But we have always heard he was well satisfied.)

We are making the main dish of the meal, so we suggest that you consult Mother or Cook about the menu. Maybe they will like to let you plan the whole meal, as well as cook the main dish,

yourself. This menu is fine with oysters, so we will print it here instead of at the end of our lesson. Then you can easily show it to Mother while you are making plans.

MENU FOR SATURDAY EVENING DINNER

Cold Baked Ham (sliced thin)
 Scalloped Oysters Green Beans
 Baking Powder Biscuits and Jam
 Cabbage Salad with Crackers
 Ambrosia

There are a number of things on that menu that you know how to cook, so if the day is *very* stormy and you want to have a lot of fun, make the biscuits and Ambrosia as well as the scalloped oysters. But if you have other plans, stick to just one dish and do it well. It is always better to do one thing well than to attempt a lot and do a half-finished job. That is true about cooking as well as about school work or anything else.

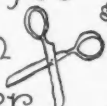
Oysters are an interesting kind of food. They grow on the bottom of the ocean—in the shallower places near land—and getting them out of the water and marketing them is a big business. In times past, this work of marketing used to be carelessly done and then the oysters were not always as pure and fine as they should be. But


[Continued on page 86]






HEART-Y GREETINGS

by Nancy Clinton

First of all,
just when you
start, with 
cut a paper


 Paper
is pretty
too. Stick

some on with
help of 

Paste on
with his 
and his 

too, you know.

Write, "I love you,"
or, "Be Mine"

Then you'll
have a 
nicer,

far, than any
other you could
ever buy for

Mother!

Sh-h-h! a secret!



for girls and boys only

*Fathers and Mothers are
not allowed to read this!*

Want to be the strongest boy in your class? Want to be the prettiest girl? Then eat vegetables! That's the secret of strong muscles, good teeth and pretty hair! That's why Mother wants you to eat lots of spinach, carrots and other vegetables! But perhaps Mother doesn't know about the cookies called Vegetized Wafers that have five fresh vegetables baked right in them! This is the very nicest way to eat spinach, carrots, lettuce, tomatoes and celery because Vegetized Wafers taste so good. Mother will let you have lots of these cookies because all the time you will be getting vegetables, too. Isn't that funny! Let's surprise Mother and tell her about Vegetized Wafers!

CUT OUT this letter and put
it by Mother's plate
at dinner!



Tell Mother
to be sure to
get the box
with pictures
of vegetables
on the front.

Dear Mother-

Please buy me a box of
Vegetized Whole Wheat Wafers
that have spinach, carrots,
lettuce, tomatoes and celery
in them. I will eat more
Vegetables if you give me
these good Vegetized Wafers.
They have five vitamins and
fourteen minerals in them

VEGETIZED Whole Wheat WAFERS

BAKED BY THE LEADING BISCUIT COMPANIES IN EACH LOCALITY.
VEGETABLE PRODUCTS CORPORATION, LICENSORS, LOS ANGELES.

Children's Food needs Sugar

Sugar is a natural flavor. Pure, wholesome, loved. And it makes other good foods palatable.



FORTUNATELY, children aren't afraid of "spoiling their boyish figures" if they eat. They aren't afraid to eat enough. They even aren't afraid to overeat. Their energetic bodies soon burn up the fuel—and they are usually hungry by next meal-time. Yet, many a child isn't eating enough—in variety if not in quantity. What is the reason?

Haste, maybe. Not enough time before school for a real breakfast; lunch is hurried; then by dinner he is too tired through a day's starvation to eat well . . . or perhaps the food doesn't "taste" good. Or it isn't the right sort.

It isn't the child's fault if he is undernourished. And it isn't fun. He tires too soon. He can't play so long. He needs a few pounds overweight (eminent physicians affirm this!)—then he'd have a distinct advantage over his thinner companions. But undernourished, he can develop diseases too easily, especially tuberculosis.

Sensible, regular feeding, is the rule. You know this, to be sure. You know that if a child is healthy, he gains regularly. Yet this means that he must eat and enjoy his special "quart of milk a day" (two or three glassfuls for drinking, and the rest in other

servings) . . . and his vegetables, fruits, cereals, eggs, and light desserts.

How to eat and enjoy them? By the addition of sugar—which he also needs. An eminent child specialist says, "Children absolutely need sugar!" (Children will delight to hear this!) This means that candy and cookies are useful foods and that sugar is the nutritious flavor to other foods.

Sugar with his breakfast fruit—and the applesauce. Then he will eat more fruit. Sugar with his cooked cereal—he will like sprinkling it on. Or stewed fruit is good on his cereal. Remember sliced oranges and bananas with sugar or shredded cocoanut on them. Sugar with milk and egg and vanilla in an egg-nog (this takes care of both milk and egg). Or use some of that "quart of milk a day" in cocoa for him, tapioca, junket, blanc mange, rice pudding. . . . Add sugar to the peas, carrots, tomatoes. He will say, "I like these!" And you will share his liking the improved flavors.

Sugar is a natural flavor. Pure, wholesome, loved. So teach the child to eat enough of the varied foods he needs—the good health foods—sweetened for real enjoyment. The Sugar Institute, 129 Front St., New York.



A PATRIOT IN HOOPS

[Continued from page 76]

"You deserve my name," he said, and, drawing the album to him, he wrote on the page which Sarah had so faithfully reserved for him:

"To a brave little patriot in hoops.

A. Lincoln."

It was a very happy little patriot who drove back to a farm near the Potomac late that afternoon with a fresh horse and an official escort. It was a very happy little patriot who ran into her father's arms. The Confederates had bound master and slave while they searched the house but, finding nothing, they had made a quick departure, for the risks of tarrying in the enemy territory were too great. Mrs. Sterling, coming home shortly afterwards, had released them from their bonds. Father had passed through many hardships since he had seen them in the summer. He had been a prisoner and had escaped and, at last, had accomplished his mission. And now he was his old teasing self again.

"So you had to dress up before you went to see the President. For once, though, I'll admit, your barrel came in handy."

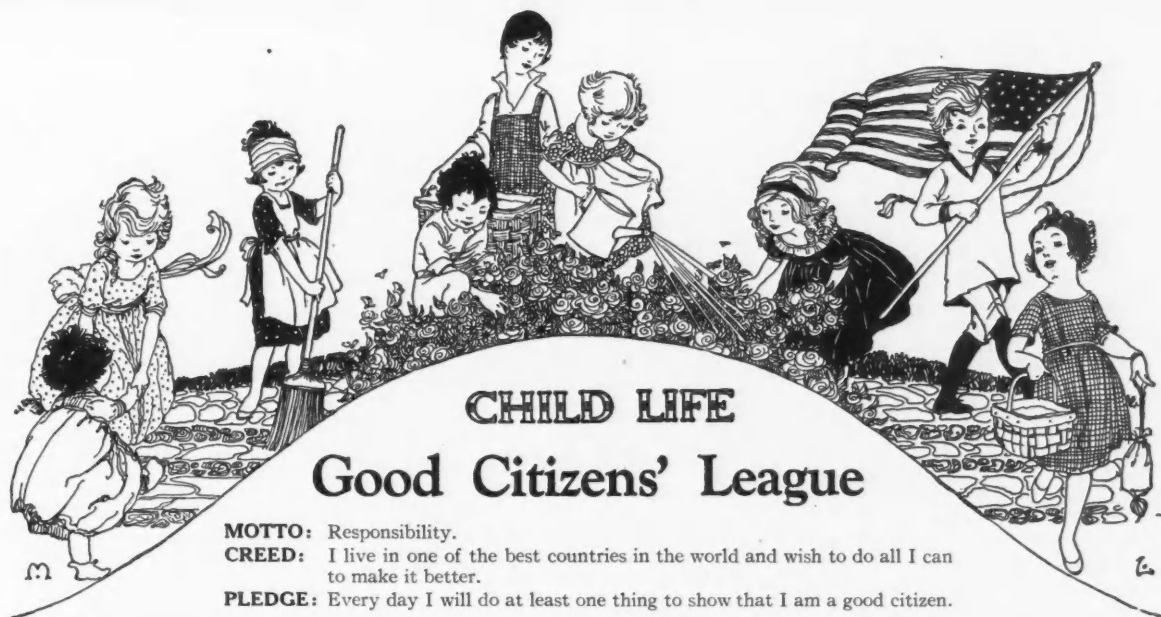
And then he began to sing:

Now crinoline is all the rage, with ladies of whatever age,
A petticoat made like a cage—oh, what a ridiculous fashion.

For answer Sarah opened her album at the first page and showed him Abraham Lincoln's autograph—"To a brave little patriot in hoops."

"Perhaps you won't make fun of my hooped skirts after this," she said.

"I can't promise that." Father held her close, and his laughing voice became tender. "But I'm sure of one thing—I'm very proud of the little patriot inside them."



MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

FEBRUARY MEMORY BOOKS

WHEN the members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League held their Benjamin Franklin party in January, David—following the example of Poor Richard—passed around copies of a little newspaper which he had edited himself, with the help of Miss Bradley, the counselor. The "G. C. L. News" had been so popular that they decided they would have other issues and that each boy and girl should have a turn as editor.

"I have a suggestion," said Miss Bradley at the first February meeting. "Instead of having a newspaper this month, each of us might compile a memory book in honor of our February heroes. It will be part scrapbook, part copy book and part composition book, and each one will decide for himself what he wishes to put into it."

Everyone liked the idea and began making plans at once. Most of the members bought plain-backed composition books opening at the side, so that they could either write or paste on the pages, as they wished; and they left the first page, in each instance, for the title of the book and the name of the compiler underneath. Several pasted pictures of Washington and Lincoln on the back; and Helen, who was very artistic, painted an American

FEBRUARY HEROES

1. I started a memory book in honor of the February heroes.
2. I pasted a picture of Washington in my memory book.
3. I pasted a picture of Lincoln in my memory book.
4. I copied a Washington saying in my book.
5. I copied a Lincoln saying in my book.
6. I pasted in or copied a part of Washington's farewell address in my book.
7. I pasted in or copied Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in my book.
8. I pasted in or copied part of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation in my book.
9. I wrote a brief story of Washington's boyhood in my book.
10. I wrote a brief story of Washington's life as a surveyor in my book.
11. I wrote a brief story of Washington's experiences in the French and Indian War in my book.
12. I wrote a brief story about how Washington was made commander of the army of the American colonies.
13. I wrote a brief story about Washington's winter at Valley Forge.
14. I wrote a brief story about some other experience of Washington during the American Revolution.
15. I wrote a brief story about Washington's election to the Presidency.
16. I wrote a brief story about Lincoln's birth in a log cabin.
17. I wrote a brief story about Lincoln's boyhood.
18. I wrote a brief story about Lincoln's career in Springfield.
19. I wrote a brief story about Lincoln's election to the Presidency.
20. I wrote a brief story about an experience of Lincoln during the Civil War.
21. I wrote a story in my book about an experience of Lincoln's last years.
22. I copied the Thirteenth Amendment in my book.
23. I pasted in or copied a poem about Washington in my book.
24. I pasted in or copied a poem about Lincoln in my book.
25. I memorized one of these poems.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Although it is desirable to do as many of the good citizenship deeds suggested above as possible, it is not necessary, and any good deed that you record will count. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed (or deeds) for that day. Send your February lists in time to reach us by March 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll. If a grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, she may send us a list of the members, with the number of Honor Points each one deserves.

flag on a pasteboard back that she had made herself, punching holes in the covers and holding the sheets in place between them with a pretty cord. David typed most of his pages and inserted them in a loose leaf notebook, as they were finished. The books had various titles—Bill called his "Great Citizens," Miriam "In Memory of Our Heroes," Elizabeth "My February Memory Book," Ben "Washington and Lincoln"; and underneath each title were the words: "Compiled by Ben Jarvis," or "Miriam Atwood, compiler," as the case might be.

The only rule was that they should add something to their scrapbooks every day during February. On one page several members copied out Washington's "Rules of Conduct," on another a short story written about his boyhood; and there were stories about his life as surveyor, his experiences in the French and Indian War, and his great service as commander of the army of the colonies. The same was true of Lincoln—they wrote brief sketches of his birth in a Kentucky log cabin, of his early life, of his debates with Douglas, of his election to the Presidency and of the Emancipation Proclamation. They copied famous quotations in their books, and Bill found a clipping of the Gettysburg Address and pasted that in. They pasted in pictures,

[Continued on page 91]

Morning Fatigue

A Danger Signal in Children

How authorities combat a serious situation by the use of this stimulating hot cereal breakfast.

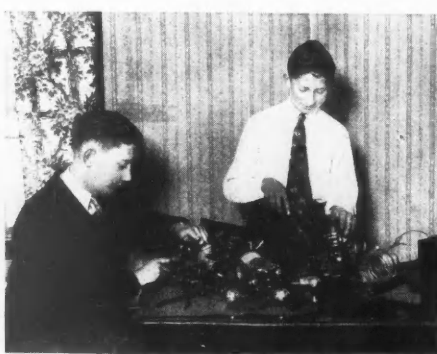
HIGH strung, nervous children, overtired at the very beginning of their school day. This morning fatigue is a danger signal. To doctors and teachers, trained in observing children, it may mean "insufficient breakfast."

Breakfast is the most important of all meals, because it comes just *after* 12 hours of fasting and just *before* the four morning hours in which 70% of the day's school work falls. No child can do good work without a nourishing breakfast, any more than an engine can get along without fuel.

A good breakfast, nutritionists tell us, should include first of all a hot cooked whole grain cereal. Quaker Oats is a cereal of whole grain, with an abundance of protein that no other cereal grown possesses.

The importance of protein in your child's breakfast

Protein is food's great growth element. It builds sturdy young muscles and



Leslie Roberts and his playmate Earl Andrews—radio "experts" of the coming generation, whose mothers wisely provide them the nourishing hot Quaker Oats that growing boys need.

70% of the Day's School Work Crowded Into 4 Morning Hours!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to *Watch Your Child's Breakfast*—to start days with food that "stands by" through the important morning hours.

replaces tissues worn out by childhood's incessant activities in the schoolroom and at play.

Quaker Oats contains 16% of protein. This is 50% more than whole wheat, 60% more than wheat flour, over twice as much as rice and 100% more than cornmeal. Think what this does for active childhood!

Quaker Oats—an "extra energy" food

Quaker Oats gives every school child the protection of *extra* energy. Probably no other cereal is so richly nourishing, so full of food to "go on" and "grow on." Besides its excellent protein, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals and abundant in vitamin B. It contains, too, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives.

From earliest infancy on—a food that stands by them

From six months to two years of age, serve Quaker Oats in the form of strained gruel. From two years of age, up through all the years of school, protect their mornings with this great health food served hot and savory as a delicious cereal. At all grocers.



Bill Cox, Jim Logan, Bud Hughes, and Robin Fair—Dutchess County, N. Y., youngsters whose days start with steaming Quaker Oats to give the energy sturdy play requires.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats. That which you have always known and Quick Quaker, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

NOSEY SENDS A VALENTINE

[Continued from page 69]

But Nosey seemed so disappointed when Bob took it from him that Bob gave it back to the dog. They started down the street together.

At the grocery Bob noticed an assortment of valentine candies. There were chocolate cream hearts with little pictures pasted in the middle and tiny sugar hearts with mottoes on them, besides the paper lace and cardboard valentines.

"Pooh! We're too big for valentines now!" Bob told Nosey.

But those chocolate cream hearts looked very toothsome. Suddenly the boy had an idea. "I'll buy a couple—and then eat them where those snippy girls can see!" he told himself.

He went in and purchased two of the candy hearts.

"I suppose I ought to get you a valentine, too, old dog!" he told Nosey. He bought a nickel's worth of liver at the butcher's.

Nosey held the basket for the packages and, as the butcher gave him an end of bologna to eat, Bob dropped the package of liver in the basket. It ought to be cooked for the dog, anyhow.

They walked home with an air of unconcern. Bob pretended not to see his sister and Jenny peering out of Jenny's front window. When he caught sight of Mittens mewing to be let in at the front door of her home, Bob pointed her out to Nosey.

He felt a twinge of conscience as he saw the dog start toward the kitten, but Nosey was already dashing up the front walk. In his hurry the dog did not set down the basket. In fact he did not set it down until he was on Jenny's front porch. There he dropped it on the mat and barked. He was barking at the kitten which had mounted suddenly by way of the bare creeper vines, to the wide ledge above the old-fashioned door.

But Jenny and Susan in the bay window did not see Mittens. They did not know the true reason for Nosey's presence on the porch.

"He's barking to have the door opened!" Susan said delightedly.

"And he's brought something in the basket! Do you suppose it's something for us?" Jenny forgot her disagreement with Bob completely as she ran to the door.

The little girls clapped their hands as they discovered the chocolate hearts.

"See! There's the picture of a gray kitten in the middle of mine!" Jenny cried. "How clever of you, Nosey, to bring them!" She patted the dog's head.

Nosey wagged his tail as if he quite meant to be a messenger delivering valentines instead of a kitten chaser. Mittens had escaped up a column, and out of sight was out of mind for Nosey.

"Oh, Bob, how nice of you!" Susan called to her brother as he came up.



Guard those tiny Baby Teeth

*The care you give them now may save
your child years of unhappiness*

NEGLECTED first teeth, say dental authorities, can make a strong little body grow sickly and delicate . . . can retard mental development . . . can lead to permanent facial distortion.

Hence, proper mouth care is of vital importance in childhood. And this is the care authorities urge: Take your child to a dentist at least twice a year. And foster the habit of daily cleaning teeth.

Be sure to choose the right dentifrice. Avoid medicated preparations which may upset digestion or bowels; avoid strong antiseptics or harsh abrasives which may injure delicate tissues or enamel.

Use Colgate's. It is recommended by the vast majority of dentists—because it is pure, safe, delicious. It is made to clean teeth thoroughly. It contains no drugs. It is manufactured on a formula suggested by the dental profession and for over a generation has been preferred by the mothers of America for their children.

FREE: to Mothers—

This Makes Tooth Brushing a Game!

To make children eager to brush teeth, Colgate's has made a game of it. The Colgate Clean Teeth Chart records each daily brushing. And a beautiful bronze Colgate Health Club pin is promised to the child who cleans teeth regularly. Parents and educators say this method works wonders—for it appeals to the child's play instinct! Try it. Mail this coupon. We will send you a free chart for each child, and a free trial tube of Colgate's to start on at once.



COLGATE, Dept. B 1851, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
Gentlemen: Please send me "Clean Teeth Charts" and free trial supply of
Ribbon Dental Cream for children.

Name Address

City State

Yum!



Molasses Layer Cake

MOLASSES LAYER CAKE

Add 2 beaten eggs to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup melted shortening; then add $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 2 teaspoons soda, 2 teaspoons ginger, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder—which have been mixed and sifted; and lastly add 1 cup strong hot coffee. Bake in shallow pan. Put together with Mocha filling made this way: Whip 1 pint cream stiff. Add 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon coffee extract.



A WHOLESOME dessert is the best way of all to satisfy children's natural craving for sweets.

Tonight when your sweets-hungry family say, "What's the dessert, mother?" have ready one made with Brer Rabbit—teasingly fragrant with the wonderful flavor of real old-time plantation molasses.

Watch their delight as they eat up every crumb and ask for more. And they can have all they want of this simple, natural sweet. For Brer Rabbit retains all the iron and lime of the sugar cane—so good for little, growing bodies.



Real old-time New Orleans molasses—that's Brer Rabbit. It is packed in two grades: Gold Label—the highest quality light molasses for table use and fancy cookery. Green Label—a rich, full-flavored, dark molasses, especially fine for baking.

94 new recipes FREE..



Just off the press—a new Brer Rabbit cook book. All about molasses cookery. Mail coupon for free copy.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Dept. C-4
New Orleans, Louisiana.
Please send my free copy of "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies" by Ruth Washburn Jordan.

Name.....

Address.....

"We think our candy valentines are perfectly dear!" Jenny added. "Won't you come in and eat some of the heart cookies I made? They have pink icing on them!"

For a moment Bob hesitated, ashamed. Then he walked in. "I didn't really mean them for valentines—at first!" he confessed. "But if you'll take them, I'd like you to have them. And there's a little package of liver in there, too. That can be a valentine for Mittens from Nosey!"



WASHINGTON AND THE WAFFLE IRON

[Continued from page 59]

We have enjoyed your hospitality all too well, madam,' and he bowed with true courtliness over Great-great-grandmother's hand, and tossed Snow-white a coin of the realm."

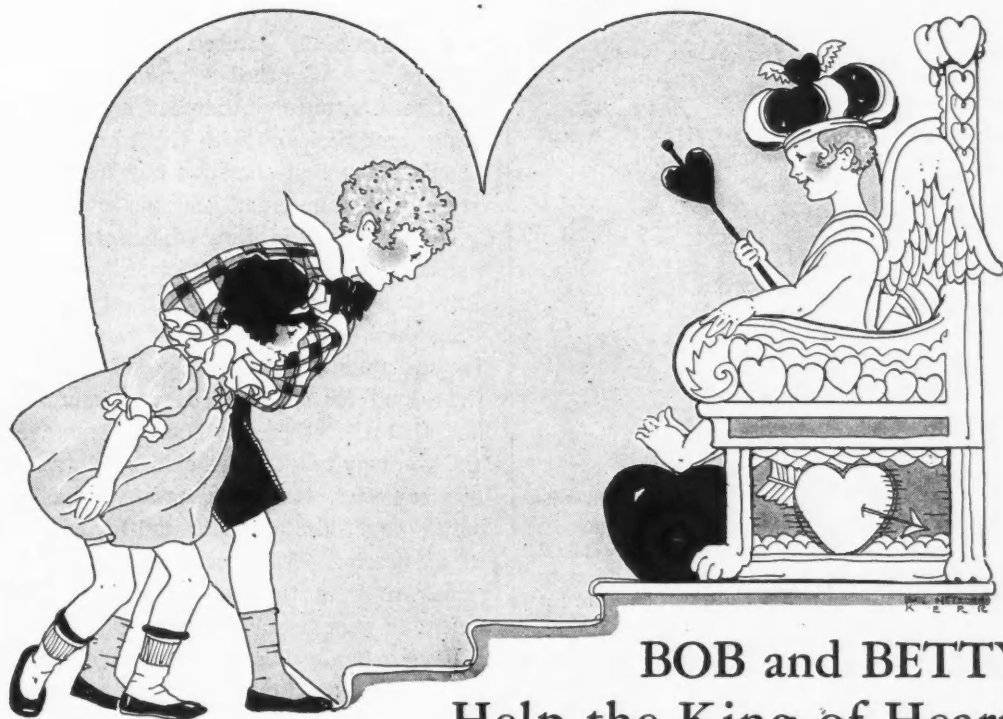
"Did the scout get through to Washington's Army?" asked Teddy.

"Yes, dear, and the papers he carried were very

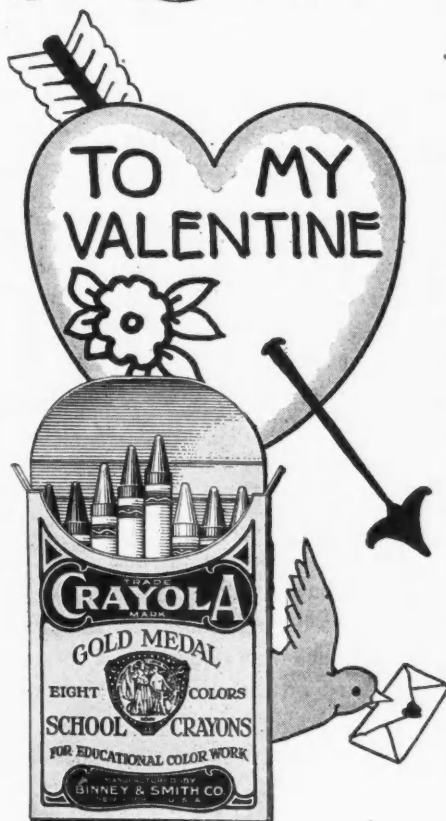


important, for in less than three weeks soldiers began to march past Grandmother's house—sixteen thousand Colonial soldiers moving against the British at Yorktown. And on the eighteenth of October, Cornwallis surrendered, and that ended the war. You've seen the picture of him handing his sword to George Washington, haven't you?

"About two weeks later a group of American soldiers rode up to Grandmother's door. 'Madam,' said General Washington, 'we have come to sample your famous waffles, which served Captain Harrison so well in reaching our lines with maps of the Yorktown fortifications.'"



BOB and BETTY Help the King of Hearts



"WELCOME, children, welcome to the Land of Love," said Cupid, the King of Hearts. "We're busy here now, getting ready for St. Valentine's Day." And sure enough, all around were elfin workers making red hearts, and mending broken hearts with a magic paste which made them good as new.

Just then the tiniest elfin worker rushed up to King Cupid. "Oh, sir, a terrible calamity has befallen us! We haven't a single speck of red heart paper left, and St. Valentine's Day is near at hand. What shall we do?"

Chubby King Cupid's sunny smile faded, and his cheeks went pale. What, indeed, could he do? But Bob and Betty just smiled at each other. Then Bob spoke.

"King Cupid, sir, don't fret. We can help you. Please . . . may we?"

"But how, child, how?"

"With our CRAYOLA Wax Crayons. Betty, show him how!" And Betty took a bright red stick of CRAYOLA from its yellow-and-green-box and drew a beautiful red, red heart on white paper. "It's magic! Magic!" all the little elfin workers cried.

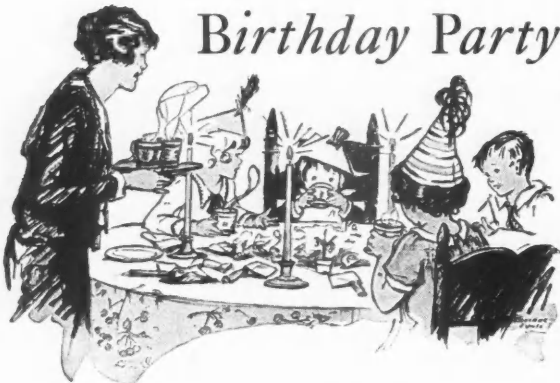
"No, it's CRAYOLA . . . CRAYOLA Wax Crayon," Betty replied. King Cupid was no end pleased with the CRAYOLA hearts his elfin workers made, and determined never again to be without these magic sticks. He offered Bob and Betty his choicest Valentines, but they said they had already made their own with CRAYOLA, and thanked him for his offer.

And pictured here is a Valentine which *you* can make. All you need is white paper and CRAYOLA Wax Crayons . . . it's very easy and such fun! You can buy CRAYOLA in the yellow-and-green-box at any convenient stationery or art supplies store.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.

41 East 42nd Street . . . New York, N. Y.

The nicest part of a WASHINGTON'S Birthday Party



...according to Tom Tim It was refreshment time at the George Washington party at the Merrilys' house. And though Tom Tim had to have two cushions under him, to get his chin above the table, they all said he wore his George Washington hat better than any one.

But all of a sudden Tom Tim remembered. Here came nice hot steaming drinks in cups, and his mother had said, "Whatever the *others* drink, you must drink *milk*."

And so, when Mrs. Merrily came to him, he said, politely, "No thank you," and splashed tears in his plate.

"But Tom Tim," said Mrs. Merrily, "I'm sure you can . . . It's . . ."

"Mother t-t-told me not to drink anything but milk," said Tom Tim. He *did* want that nice-smelling hot drink so!

"You little lamb! I'll go *call* her . . ."

And before Tom Tim had had time to blink, Mrs. Merrily was back.

"She says '*Yes*', because this *is* milk—it's Instant Postum made with milk. You're to have *all you want*!"

Delightedly, Tom Tim took a taste, and soon, with all the children, he was having a second cup.

"It's the best part of the party," said Tom Tim.

And from that day to this, Tom Tim has had this lovely drink, and called it, "Washington's Party drink."

MOTHERS: Instant Postum-made-with-milk brings all the body-building nourishment of milk, plus warmth and a flavor and a "grown-up" quality that every child likes! And it's very easy to prepare.

Instant Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted. Combined with milk it is served in schools everywhere as part of the noonday lunch.

A week's supply of Instant Postum and Carrie Blanchard's interesting book on Postum for children are both free. Send today.

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MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

★ P.—C.L. 2-29
POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED, Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a 30 day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup). Please send also the Children's booklet by Carrie Blanchard.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY LTD.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[Continued from page 78]

nowadays, oysters bought from a good firm are grown in carefully watched places. They are really sorts of gardens in the bottom of the ocean—doesn't that seem strange? And they are taken from the water and marketed with the greatest care, so we can feel sure that those we buy from a good firm are clean and pure and delicious to eat.

Oysters come in three different sizes and the names are "Standard," "Selects" and "Counts." Any store, that carries oysters at all, carries the "Standard" size, the kind used for oyster stew, and for scalloping, so we can be sure of getting the right kind for our use. If you inquire you will find that the other two sizes are more expensive and you may think you should get those, that they may be better. Not so. They are the same quality, only a larger size of oyster and hence not so good for this recipe. All three kinds, if put out by the same firm, are the same quality and the only difference is in size.

If your family is small—say only three, or four persons—a pint of oysters will be enough; if there are five and you use the menu we suggested, which included ham, a pint may be enough. Our recipe will be for one pint, but we think it quite likely you will often want to make a pint and a half of oysters, as they will be very good and you want to serve generously. If your family numbers six, buy one and one half pints of oysters and use one and one-half times everything in the recipe; if you want to serve seven or eight, get a quart and use exactly twice the recipe. When increasing a recipe, be sure to increase every single item, the salt, milk, everything, so that the proportions are kept the same. For other supplies you will need crackers, butter, salt, and milk.

We plan to bake the oysters in a glass baking dish, one that can be taken to the table, as scalloped oysters must be served from the dish in which they were baked. So look one up and have it ready. If you are making up a quart of oysters, you may have to use two baking dishes. It is better to use two shallow dishes than one which is very deep, for the brown crust on the top of scalloped oysters is delicious.

As oysters take about forty minutes to bake, and about that same length of time to prepare, find out just when dinner is to be served and start in plenty of time. This is important as they are more tasty if eaten immediately when taken from the oven.

By way of utensils you will need (in addition to

the baking dish) two cups, a small bowl, a rolling pin and bread board (for rolling cracker crumbs), a wire sieve, and measuring spoons and, of course, a bowl in which you can wash the oysters. With all those supplies and utensils set out you are now ready to begin work.

Set the wire sieve in top of the small bowl.

Pour the oysters from the container in which they were delivered into the wire sieve.

Let all the oyster juice drain off into bowl. When it seems drained through, poke the oysters gently so as to make sure the juice all goes through the sieve.

Pour the oysters from the sieve into the larger bowl. Save the juice to use later.

Wash the oysters in two changes of water. Stir them through the water thoroughly so as to remove all bits of shell that may be caught in with the folds of the oysters.

Drain off the water.

Butter the baking dish generously. Measure out one-half cupful of butter and divide it into three portions. Cut up each portion into tiny bits.

Roll fine enough crackers to make 1 and $\frac{1}{4}$ cupfuls. If you like, you may use half the amount in cracker crumbs and half in crumpled corn or rice flakes.

Cover the bottom of the buttered baking dish with oysters, arranged neatly and evenly over the dish. As you arrange the oysters, notice carefully to make sure that no bits of shell remain folded in the gills. Use one-third of the oysters.

Cover with one-third of the crumbs, sprinkling them neatly and evenly.

Sprinkle over the layer one-third teaspoonful salt and put on one portion of the bits of butter, placing the bits evenly over the whole dish.

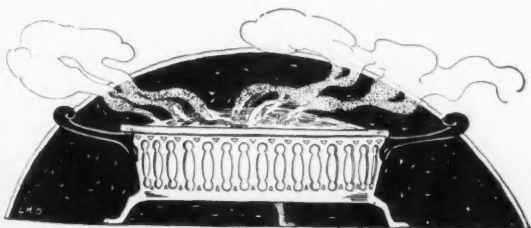
Prepare a second and then a third layer, using oysters, crumbs, salt and butter exactly as you did with the first layer.

Pour over the whole dish five-eighths cupful of milk and the strained oyster juice, pouring it slowly and evenly over the entire surface. Put the juice in the measuring cup first (there should be about one-fourth cupful), then add milk enough to make five-eighths altogether.

Bake for forty minutes, in an oven set at 425 degrees (this is called a hot oven) and then serve at once.

If you like, you can make individual dishes of scalloped oysters, using little baking dishes. In this case, divide up the materials into as many portions as you plan to make dishes and use two layers in each, instead of three as in the big dish. Some people like one pimento cut fine and mixed in with the oyster, but we prefer our oysters plain. Try the pimento sometime and see if your family like it—the color is most attractive in the dish.

Good success with your baking—we don't say luck! A good cook doesn't know what luck is; she follows the recipe and *always* has success.



YELLOWSTONE PARK A Real Fairyland!

YOU'LL see strange sights in Yellowstone! Pools of water that bubble and boil. One pool will swallow your handkerchief and then return it to you washed! Dragon's Mouth Spring makes a noise like a dragon! There are lots and lots of geysers—many that spout water out of the ground higher than the highest house.

Yellowstone is a regular circus—really better than a circus, for the animals aren't penned up in cages and they are friendly. Big old bears will stand up and beg for candy! And you should see the cunning little baby cubs!



Just cut out this coupon, fill it out, and mail it to us right away. We'll send you, free, a book that tells all about a Yellowstone vacation—with lots of pictures—and you can show it to your family when you ask them to take you.

E. E. NELSON, Passenger Traffic Manager (188)
25 Northern Pacific Building, Saint Paul, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Nelson:
Please send me your picture booklet of "Yellowstone Park."

Name _____

Street _____

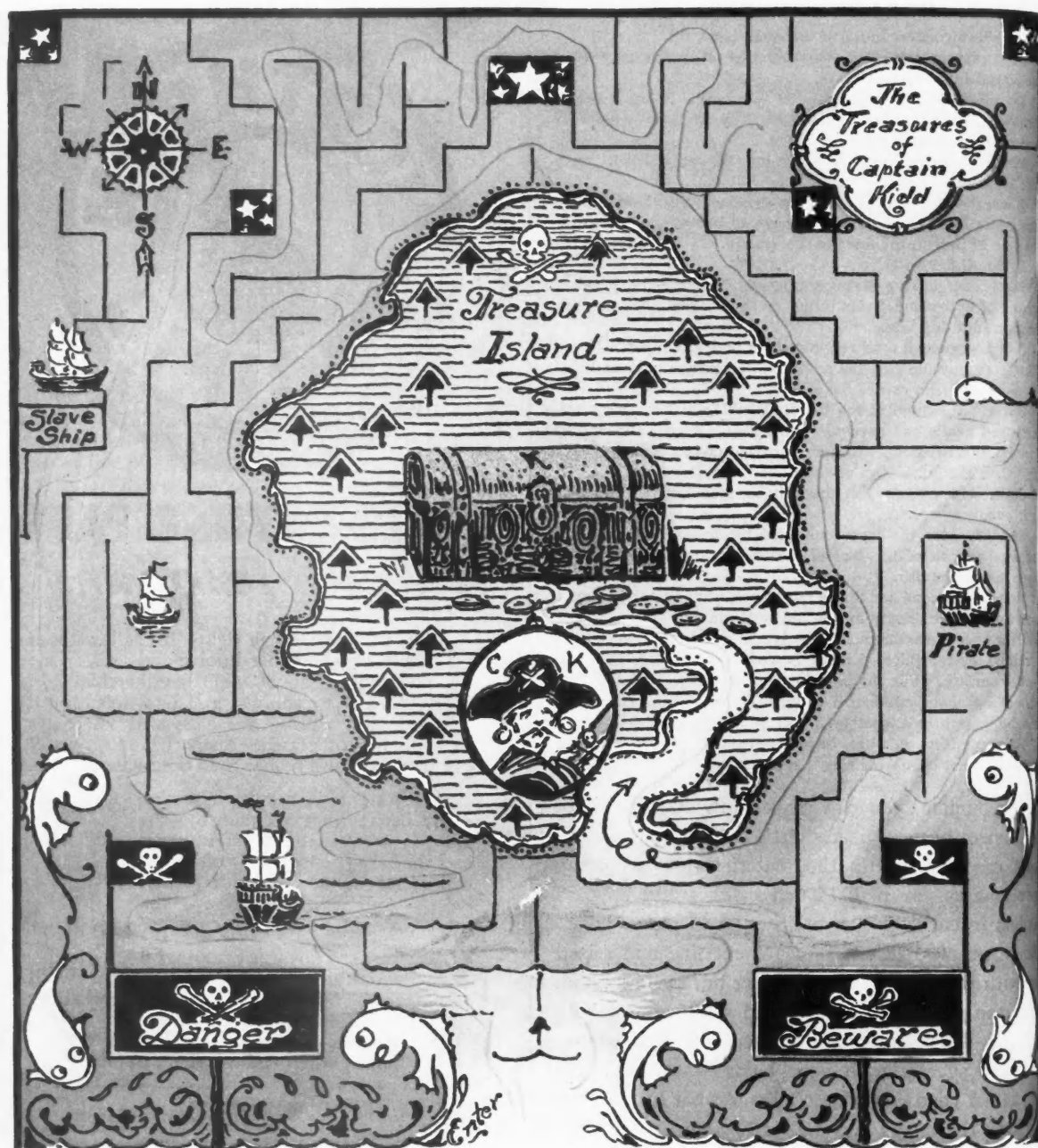
City _____

State _____

Are you and your folks thinking of going to Yellowstone this summer? Yes _____ No _____ Check (✓)

The Treasure Hunt for the Riches of Captain Kidd

By BERTHA BLODGETT



YES, there is still a chance that you may find buried treasure. We like to make-believe that that famous pirate, Captain Kidd, is still haunting the regions of Long Island, chuckling to himself and saying, "No one has found my precious gold. It is still a secret. Well I remember the night when our good ship, the *Queda Merchant*, came back from the coasts of Madagascar, heavy with treasure, and found a sheltered harbor in a little island off the white beaches of Long Island Sound. There, under

the stars, my blindfolded men buried the silver and gold and there it lies, even to this day. It will take a brave man to follow the chart, up and down and round about, at last to put his fingers upon my priceless coins and jewels. I am watching; he had best beware."

Rules of the game: Enter the maze from the outside rim and proceed along the paths, without crossing a line, until you reach the arrow which points the way to the object of your search.

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.



DOTTY has a valentine for you this month and patterns for her cunning February frocks.

Her batiste dress has a round yolk with touches of embroidery and tiny cap sleeves.

For play-time the gay printed cotton frock is made with deep yolk and a linen collar with groups of

pleats both in front and back.

These patterns are really as nice as valentines

Pattern No. 6238, 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years.

Pattern No. 6351, 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

Pattern No. 6356, 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

JOURNEYS IN ADVERTISING LAND

"Out of the Wheat-field Cometh Strength"

Robert and Ruth Visit Wheatenaville



A BREEZE skipped over the tree tops and set the leaves dancing, then scurried to earth and started the daisies nodding in glee. It ruffled the pages of the book Mother was reading, tousled Ruth's hair and Robert's unruly locks. Finally, Mother stopped, saying that she could not read with the wind tossing the pages about. "Just when you got to the important part," groaned Robert, "about the warriors springing from the ground to help Cadmus build his city!"

"Never mind, Robert. Course it couldn't be true," said Ruth, who was weaving a daisy chain.

"What's that?" cried a strange voice from the tree tops. Down a shaft of sunlight between the branches slid a small creature who looked so astonished that Mother and Robert burst into laughter in spite of the unexpected appearance of this odd figure.

"Why—why," stuttered Ruth. "Strong men couldn't spring from the wheat-fields like Grandad has here on his farms," and she waved at the wheat which billowed in the fields below.

The gnome motioned Mother and Robert to silence. "I'm *very* surprised," he said with a twinkle. "And you have been getting strength from the wheat-fields *every* morning."

"Oh, I know!" shouted Robert. "It's Wheatenaville, to make us well and strong! I'll bet you are one of the Wheatenaville gnomes!"

"That's it," grinned the little fellow.

"But what about your army?" asked Ruth.

"I'll explain," said the Wheatenaville sprite. "You see, there are sixteen of us gnomes who guard Mother Nature's treasures of vital food elements. These are proteins and minerals which give people sound bodies and well knit muscles; carbohydrates and fats for energy in work and play; vitamins and roughage for vigorous growth and health. All of these treasures, and others, are in that

field of wheat. And here is the army of today which springs from partaking of such treasures." He waved a stalk of wheat and figures began to appear in the clouds—strong men, healthy women, and rosy children.

"Oh, Mother," said Robert. "Do you give us Wheatenaville so we'll look like that?"

"I hope we shall," said Ruth. "They look so well and happy!"

"You're no weak specimen yourself," said the gnome. "Thanks a great deal to Wheatenaville, I'll wager." Mother nodded in agreement.

"But, Mr. Wheatenaville Gnome," said Ruth, "we don't eat the wheat just as it comes from the fields!"

"Indeed not," the creature replied. "We'll just fly to Wheatenaville, New Jersey, and show you how the wheat is prepared for eating." Tapping the children with his wand he made them as small as he. After waving good-bye to Mother they got astride his wheat stalk and flew over field and forest to Wheatenaville. Alighting in front of a large white building bathed in sunlight, they went inside where the tour began. "First of all, I'm going to show you where the wheat is stored when it comes to the mill," said the gnome. He pointed out the huge bins which contained the stores of wheat. Robert asked what kind of wheat was used. "All selected winter wheat,"

the gnome replied.

"Wintering in the ground strengthens the plant and makes its grains rich in the elements that make you well and strong. Well, let's go up to the top of the building. You see," he explained, as they went upstairs, "by starting at the top and allowing the wheat to drop by its own weight to the next machine, upon reaching the first floor it is ready to be shipped. Well, here we are! Now this is where the material is carefully cleaned and



(Continued on page 91)

Good Citizens' League

(Continued from page 81)

too, and copied appropriate poems about their heroes.

The school principal heard about their scrap-books and he thought they were so interesting that he asked to exhibit them in the school corridor where all the boys and girls might see them. And the boys and girls thought they were so interesting that they decided to make some like them the next year.

"I know lots more about Washington and Lincoln since I've made that memory book," said Bill, "and I'm going to keep it all my life."

Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

November Honor Roll

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during the month of November:

Henry Adrian	Russell Gaunt	Lynette Perkins
Delpha Allen	Paul Gold	Clifford Pierce
Joshua Anderson	Lucille Grieser	John Pierce
Charline Armond	Helen Grubb	E. Pokorny
Frederic Atkins	Alice Gunther	Dale Poteet
Laurene Aydelotte	Hillis Hall	Clarence Raschke
Fred Ayesh	Billy Halsey	Phillip Raschke
Leona Bagley	Melvin Hanson	Frank Rausch
Lloyd Backentoe	Ellen Hardwick	Joe Rausch
Laurette Bannings	Kenneth Hartwick	Frederick Raymond
I. Bantura	Louise Hasty	Vada Renner
Gerald Barker	Ruth Hershman	Edith Rhoden
Mildred Barnwell	Charles Holdiman	L. Rickey
Ruth E. Bartholomew	Ruby Holdorf	Garnett Ridenhour
Wilma Baskett	Bobby Hoppe	Leonard Rosenbaum
Irene Becker	Doris Lee Hortter	Marguerite Rosenbaum
Marie Becker	Leon Horton	Olivia Rossetti
George Bell	Marjorie Hunter	Edna Rublee
Barbara Bennett	Dale Ihlenfeldt	Ruby Rurer
Marjorie Bennett	Naomi James	Naome Rush
Lorene Black	Euna Jarboe	Wilbur Rush
Mary Ellen Bledsoe	Gefriede Jekstries	Virginia Sanderson
Robert Blood	Veryl Jerry	Louise Schnebel
James Borden	Mabel Johnson	Dorothy Schold
Richard Boyce	Kathleen Keiman	Kenneth Schuelke
Helen Brown	Lois Kellar	Nick Schunk
Ruth Brown	Kenneth Kelley	Helga Scifres
Dorothy Buckley	Carol Kennedy	Harold Seeger
Helen Burkett	Lorraine King	Charles Self
Marie Carringer	Otis King	Marjorie Shatto
Maurice Casey	Carolyn Knox	R. Shattuck
Robbie Cassity	Felix Koselke	Alvin Sheffield
Jack Cavendar	Dale Kruckman	Jessie Sheffield
Evelyn Clelland	V. Kubista	Frank Sheviak
Horace Clevenger	Edna Lake	Arthur Simpson
Marcia Clevenger	L. Lasky	Gerald Sholiff
Gene Cochrane	Norman Letchworth	Willie Stoltz
Delbert Crummey	Jean Lett	Billie Stoltz
Robert Ditlevsen	J. Walter Lotz	Hilbert Stoltz
Eloise Dorch	Willard McClurg	Charles Stonecipher
Carpenter Doyce	Wilfred McDaniel	Eleanor Switzer
Annette Dumas	Marion McGibbon	Mary Taylor
Elva Ebberts	Jacob Mack	Virginia Thurman
Gordon Eidem	Edith Mae	Byron Tilden
Alice Elsom	Paul Malesky	Eloyse Tucker
Ethel Elwell	Clarence Mandala	Frances Turner
Roy Engstrom	Regina Marrus	Helen W.
Leo Falcone	Clarence Metts	Neva Wade
Peirina Ferranti	Walter Metts	Vera Wade
Lynn Fiegel	Armdila Migginson	Velma Wagner
Beatrice Finley	Cecil Mills	I. P. Walker
Florry Finley	Thomas Morey	Sible Walker
Dorothy Finkelstein	Dorothy Myhre	Myrtle Webber
Irene Frank	Ivan Nash	John Wehmeyer
Kenneth Frank	Roy Nelson	Charles Welkie
Rhoda Frank	Ruth Nett	Irene White
Billy French	Marie Nichols	Lorenzo Winn
Nona Fryar	Naomi Onyon	Robert Wittmaack
Mary Gaeto	June Pacey	Obert Whorton
Harold Gaffney	Verne Pacey	Cleo Wiesjahn
Helene Gage	Alvin Pagel	Junior Williams
R. Gajewski	Gail Patter	Frank Wohner
Herbert Gandt		Junior Zabel
Stephen Gardner		H. Zaluska

Journeys to Advertising Land

(Continued from page 90)

scrubbed to remove all impurities."

"It couldn't possibly be dirty after all that," said Robert, watching the machines and the fresh, clean wheat which poured from them.

"It shouldn't be," agreed the gnome, leading the children to the great steel rollers which crushed and granulated the grain. "This process is done with as little waste as possible in order to retain all parts of the wheat treasure. Do you notice those nuggets of gold scattered through the wheat? Those are the hearts of the berries which are going to give Wheatena a delicious, nut-like flavor." He next showed them the sieves that made the material uniform in size, then directed them to the roasters which caused Robert and Ruth to exclaim in surprise. "My! How large they are!" they cried.

"Yes they are large," said the gnome, "and together they roast tons daily. Each holds three thousand pounds and roasts the material with quick fire heat, making Wheatena easy to digest, sterilizing the germ, and developing that tasty nut-like flavor—"

"Which I like," interrupted Ruth.

The gnome nodded and continued. "This roasting process is why it takes Mother only two or three minutes to cook your Wheatena in boiling, bubbling water. In the bottom of the roasters are gates which open and allow the Wheatena to go into the spiral conveyers which take it to the coolers. When cool, it is taken on movable cars to the packing machines."

"How much do these cars hold?" asked Robert.

"One thousand pounds," was the answer.

"From these, the Wheatena goes to the weighing machines which weigh out accurate amounts into the boxes. After being hermetically sealed, the boxes go to another machine where they are wrapped and labeled with the cherry, yellow and blue wrappers."

"Well," said Robert, "I can't see that anyone touches Wheatena from the beginning to the end!"

"They don't," said the Wheatena gnome. "This is all a part of our idea that Wheatena be just as clean and sanitary as possible. In addition to that, there are absolutely no chemicals, preservatives, or foreign flavoring."

"Well, that was a dandy trip!" said Robert, as they were once more on their wheatstalk steeds flying back to Grandpa's farm.

"And now I know strong folks can spring from the wheat-field," said Ruth.

"For making children well and happy" said the Wheatena gnome, "I shall repeat the recipe for mothers of other boys and girls. 1. Take two or more children of the runabout age. If they are bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked youngsters, so much the better. 2. Tuck them into bed early and leave for twelve hours of restful sleep. Windows wide open. 3. In the morning dress them and set at the table in the brightest corner of the breakfast room. 4. To each child add the following: 1 small cup of orange juice. 1 steaming dish of delicious, nut-brown whole-wheat cereal (Wheatena of course). Several slices of crisp whole-wheat toast. 1 glass of milk. 5. Remove children to the wide out-doors. Add a kite (or a sled), a dog, and mix thoroughly. 6. Cover with a blue sky and leave in the sun until brown."



YOU CAN assure your boy or girl solid, health-building enjoyment for less than the price of a box of cigars or a box of candy by giving a pair of Rollfast Roller Skates.

Rollfasts are the finest, safest and fastest roller skates made today. Skate experts say so.

ROLLFAST BALL BEARING ROLLER SKATES

Built close to the ground like a modern automobile. All parts carefully constructed of steel best suited for their particular purpose.

PATENTED FLEXIBLE REINFORCEMENT

This safety feature permits the skate to give freely. Yet extended to full length, Rollfast Roller Skates never sag or bend.

EASY RUNNING

Rollfasts run on self-contained dust-proof ball bearing wheels, with big $\frac{3}{4}$ " steel balls mounted on rubber cushioned truck.

NICKEL FINISH

Nickel finish on heel plates, toe plates and high back. Cadmium plated axles, nuts, pins, washers and other working parts.

ADJUSTABLE TO FIT ANY SIZE SHOE

Rollfasts are extensible from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches—can be made to fit young or old.

LOOK FOR THE HANDSOME ROLLFAST BOX

Rollfasts are packed one pair to the box—a handsomely lithographed orange and blue container. Skate key, clock type, wrapped with each pair of Rollfasts.

Rollfast ball bearing roller skates are for sale wherever sporting goods, toys, hardware or bicycles are sold.

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building New York, N. Y.

THE MYSTERY OF MIFFLES

[Continued from page 72]

all, the important thing was that he loved us and that we loved him.

"It's going to be almost as good as a real circus," I told Mother that evening, as she added the finishing touches to the raffia skirt I was going to wear over the black tights of my costume. "I believe the *World's Wonder Tumblers* will get the prize, although the clowns and the fake elephant are awfully funny, too."

There was a faint barking outside.

"It's Miffles," I cried, and ran to open the door.

It was Miffles, and there was such an excited little gleam in his eyes that I knew something very special must have happened. Attached to his collar, as I had expected, was a note. I tore it open and read:

"Dear Patsy:

Ask Uncle Harry to bring you up to Belden Place *at once*. HURRY!

Lovingly,
Patty."

"Look, Daddy! Will you take me?" I cried, thrusting the note into his hand.

"Read your postscripts," he advised and handed it back to me.

"P. S. No. 1," I read. "Look at Miffles and say, 'Good evening, Your Excellency,' and see what happens."

"Try it, Patsy," said Mother, almost as excited as I was.

I looked at the dog. "Good evening, Your Excellency," I said in a voice that trembled.

Miffles rose to his hind legs and raised his right paw to his right ear in a military salute.

"P. S. No. 2," I read. "Have Aunt Amy play a waltz and then say, 'Won't you dance for us, Your Excellency?' and see what happens."

Mother sat down at the piano, and I gave the command just as my cousin had directed. Again Miffles rose to his hind legs, and this time he danced to Mother's music, in perfect time and step.

I glanced at Patty's third postscript. It said: "Hurry! Hurry! HURRY!"

"It sounds as though she means business," said Daddy, and rushed out into the garage to get the car. [Part IV of "The Mystery of Miffles" will appear in the March issue of CHILD LIFE.]

LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

Let us draw an egg quite round,
That would roll when on the ground.



Then another, rather small;
Wrong position spoils it all.

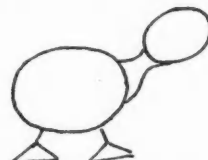


Lines to join, of course there'll be;

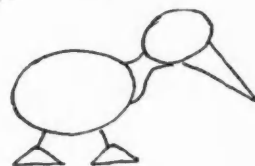
One almost an S, you see.



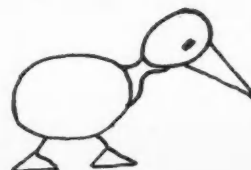
Then two little tents below;
Two short lines that upward go;



Now a point that goes this way,
Like an ice-cream cone, you'll say.



Just a dot, and—oh, what luck!
Here we have a little duck!





CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to
CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor
536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WASHINGTON

The years will come and go again
Yet you'll remembered be,
As the founder and the maker
Of America, the free!

BETTY EVEN,
Silver Lake, Wis.

A FUNNY VALENTINE

One day in February Jane said to her sister, Betty, "Betty, I am going to give brother Jimmy a dandy valentine. It's going to be so different, I may give you the same thing."

"Aw, tell me what," teased Betty and Jimmy.

"No, I won't. Of course, it's only the twelfth day of February," she said.

The two days passed and the fourteenth came, and they were the most excited children in Portland, because of what Betty had said.

"Woof, Woof," came a dull, deep bark, "Woof, Woof," came a shriller bark.

"What is it?" cried Betty and Jim. "Let's see." They went downstairs, and what do you think they saw? A great big collie dog with nine little, tiny newly-born pups.

"Why, where did all those pups come from? I only got the large one for Betty and Jimmy," declared Jane.

"They were born last night," said their mother.

"Oh, Mother, oh, Jane," they cried.

"The collie came from 'Child Life,' said Mother. Which it did.

MARGARET HARTLINE,
Fostoria, Ohio.

Age 11.



VERNICE LANG JONES

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have taken "Child Life" five years and I am crazy about it. I always read the letters and the stories that the children write. I like to write letters and am willing to make new friends. I am sending you a picture of myself and my partner in a dance of the minuet. This was taken at the schoolhouse.

Your reader,

VERNICE LANG JONES,
Farmville, N. C.

Age 12.

LINCOLN

In the hall of glory,
On the wall of fame,
You will find a great man
Whom you know by name.

His body lies in silence,
His soul is now at rest,
But his name goes on forever,
Justly honored, ever blest.

Great he was and powerful,
Famed in poems and songs.
Wrapped in shadows now he lies
To the ages he belongs.

ADELE GARFIELD,
Chester, Vt.

Age 14.

TREES

Oh, don't you wish you were a tree?
You could look right down on me.
And sway and bow so gently that
You could not stir a sleeping bat.
Oh, that would jolly be.

Oh, don't you wish you were a tree?
The wind would shake the leaves off,
whee-ee.

The snow would come and cover you,
No matter how the north wind blew.
Oh, that would jolly be.

JOCelyn DOHM,
Olympia, Wash.

Age 9.

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia



TEACHERS SAY,
*"You can pick a
 COMPTON trained
 child out of any
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AND teachers by this time ought to know. Because Compton's is already in 35,000 schools and 250,000 homes.

What is Compton's?

Compton's is the first complete set of reference books in encyclopedic form that has ever been written and pictured in terms that children could understand. It simply gives the child a private source of knowledge on every subject. Naturally such a source will bring leadership in school now and success in life later on. Your children can never blame you for not giving them every advantage when you give them Compton's. For Compton's represents every advantage except money that a child can have.

Mail this coupon now and we will send you a complete sample section of this wonderful encyclopedia together with a free Questionario Game which is a wonderful mental test of every child of every age. And we will give you full information as to how you can get this wonderful set of reference books for your children for as little as \$4.50 cash.

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Please send me at once, Free Sample Section, and Free Questionario Game with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

TOBOGGANING

Come, with me, ride,
 And I will guide
 You safely down the hill,
 My sled is new,
 There's room for two,
 But you must keep quite still.

So don't take fright
 But just sit tight
 And we'll have splendid fun,
 A push behind
 And like the wind
 We fly when on the run.

A smothered scream—
 A flash—a gleam—
 And we are safe below.
 A climb that's brisk—
 Again we'll risk
 A tumble in the snow.

DORIS MAY DEERING,
 Ventnar,
 Atlantic City, N. J.

Age. 11



AUDREY PRATT

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in the Hawaiian Islands on a pineapple plantation. Wouldn't you like to eat some of our pineapples, that weigh twelve pounds each? Mother and Daddy gave me "Child Life" for Christmas. I have a little brother and his name is Dickson Grignard. I have two dogs; their names are Tango and Doozie.

I am sending you a picture of me, holding a pineapple that I picked.

AUDREY PRATT,
 Wahiawa, Oahu,
 Ter. Hawaii.

Written at age of 7.

THE WIND

O don't you think the wind is nice?
 It blows through all trees more than twice.
 It blows the seeds
 From all the weeds.

Don't you think you like the wind?
 It seems to stick to you.
 With its whoo, whooo, whooo,
 I think it's nice, don't you?

JANICE DOHM,
 Olympia, Wash.

Age 7.

Sound—Practical Reasons

There are sound, practical reasons why many thousands who daily need and use health-giving cod-liver oil—**prefer to take it emulsified.**

Without altering its food-values, emulsification prepares cod-liver oil for easy digestion and absorption by the weakened system. So much so that emulsified cod-liver oil, as in

Scott's Emulsion

is taken with keen relish by most people of any age and without strain upon the most delicate digestion.

Scott's Emulsion combines wonderfully pure vitamin-rich cod-liver oil, membrane-soothing glycerine and the beneficial mineral salts of calcium and phosphorus.

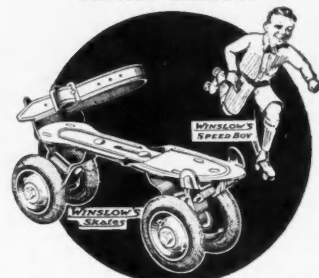
For more than half a century Scott's Emulsion has been recognized by many physicians **as the ideal, easily digested food- tonic for all ages.**



Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

28-57

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Built for Speed Safety Durability

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Winslow's High Speed Rubber Rolls are favorites with the boys and girls. Your dad and grand-dad used Winslow's. Your dealer should have them in stock for you; if not, write us quick.

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Notice to Joy Givers

CONTRIBUTIONS intended for the Joy Givers' department of the May issue of "Child Life" will be received in this office up to and not later than February 30. Stories from 250 to 400 words in length and poems suitable for this issue are desired, as well as letters about interesting places you have visited, unusual things that you have done, interesting pets, etc.—these to be accompanied, if you wish, by your photograph. The best of these contributions will be selected and published; but even in cases where we cannot print your stories and poems and letters because of lack of space, we are always glad to hear from you.



EULALIE MacFARLANE

LONGING

The sun is setting behind a silver cloud
And the sky is all aglow.
I wish I were in old Kentucky,
Where the cotton grows white as snow,
And the darkies sing their lullabies
Ever soft and low.

EULALIE MacFARLANE,
Age 8. El Dorado, Ark.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have done a bit of traveling over the states of Arizona and New Mexico. I have seen Grand Canyon. It's a wonderful sight. It has colors and rocks of every shape imaginary and colors never dreamed of. At sunset every night a thick blue haze settles over it and makes it still more beautiful.

Also I have seen the petrified forest and the painted desert. The painted desert has

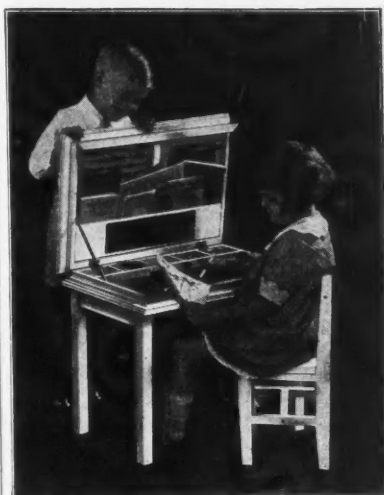


plenty of colors. There will be one layer of color and over that a different colored layer. At sunset it is a beautiful sight. The petrified forest is also very pretty in its grandeur of color and rock. It does not seem possible that what was wood once can be rock now and of all colors and sizes.

I am enclosing a picture of the gang at Adamana, Arizona. I am the one with such a wide grin. I am standing by the canteen. My sister is the one with a look of astonishment.

With love and trust to you, Miss Waldo,

ANITA SHOBERG,
Galesburg, Ill.



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— and, mother, you don't have to be the teacher — or hire a tutor — for **PLAYSKOOL** is both Kindergarten and Teacher to the child.

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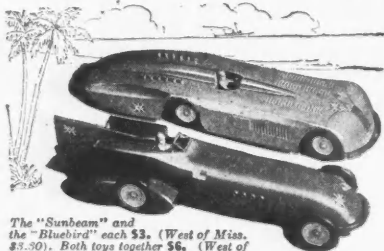
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If you buy 10 or more. Silver plate. Singly 40c ea. choice of 3 colors enamel, 12 letters & date. Sterling Silver, 18 or more line ea. Singly 50c ea. Big Free Cat. Show Emblems 50c to \$1 ea.
685 METAL ARTS CO., Inc., 877 Portland Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

THE SNOW STORM

This morning I stood by the window
And watched the snowflakes fall.
One, two, three, four—I tried so hard to do
it,
But I couldn't count them all.

Soon, the ground was covered,
Then it piled so high.
I know I'll never count them,
But I can make a snowman, if I try.

Then the snow stopped falling.
The jolly sun came out,
All the children came out to play—
How they did yell and shout!

I put on my snow-togs,
And so did Mary Lou,
And then we made a snapshot
Just especially for you.

JEAN WELCHONS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Age 8.



Dear Miss Waldo:

I enjoy "Child Life" very much. I am taller than my mother, but I still like to run and play with my playmates, who are younger than I. I like best of all to ride horseback, which I do every Saturday morning. I am enclosing a picture of myself on horseback.

Long Beach is a fine place to live. We had the Pacific Southwest Exposition here last summer, and there were so many interesting things to see, especially in the Educational Building.

It is a pleasure to have the postman bring my magazine each month.

Your friend,
PEGGIE MALTYBY,
Long Beach, Calif.

Age 12.

THE BEAR

I wish I had a little bear
With little brown hair,
A little black nose
And little brown toes.

STANLEY PATTON,
Dallas, Texas.

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Spaces for 21,000 stamps
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Out Come Seeds and Core in a jiffy!
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